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AS WE GO TO PRESS the news comes that the Die-Hards in the British Cabinet have pushed the Prime Minister into a complete break with Russia. It is another proof how easily Mr. Baldwin can be molded by the stronger personalities near him. The decision now taken is momentous, fraught with danger for the whole world. So far as checking the Soviets is concerned we are entirely of Ramsay MacDonald's opinion that it will "strengthen the revolutionary elements in the world and leave the field free for their agents to go on with their work untrammeled." We do not agree with him when he says that it will make the world laugh at England. For us the move is too tragic. England, with her huge unemployment, torn by the clash of internal policies, so in need of all the foreign trade that she can get, now to turn over her Russian business to America or to Germany! We cannot believe that this action will commend itself to sound business opinion in Great Britain. Indeed, outside of the Die-Hard group, even the conservative press is half-hearted. We do not deny that there has been provocation, nor would we defend the folly and the stupidity of the Soviets, who ought beyond all else to be winning the good-will of the world instead of working against other governments. But the time had not come for a break.

CHINA SEEMS TO BE ENGAGED in proving that she is not yet ripe for civilian government, and the Powers in proving that they do not want her to be. Out of the mysterious fog which always surrounds civil war in China emerge two clear facts: that the Hankow Government, misnamed "Bolshevik," is not able to control its generals and armies; and that the Powers would rather subsidize any bandit chieftain than a group of civilians who show capacity to get along without any alien aid. The forty-odd warships assembled at Hankow with their guns trained upon the headquarters of Eugene Chen's Government have not helped it to organize order out of chaos. Meanwhile, with the disintegration of the Nationalist movement, China is lapsing into the kind of free-for-all which has marked her recent history. A score of ambitious generals are all striving to reap the rewards of chaos; but it is not clear that any of them has the ability or the principle to do much more than maintain himself in local power. Underneath the apparent disintegration, however, the same forces are at work which created the Nationalist movement. All the militarists now proclaim its principles, and the splendid spirit which the Chinese people have shown throughout her troubles will yet triumph over the mess created by her militarists.

NEXT DECEMBER flood waters will again be rising in the Mississippi. By that time, presumably, the present devastating flood will have receded and something resembling normal conditions will prevail in the ruined area. There will still be many thousands bankrupt, many crops ungathered, and new homes built with government or private funds will still have to be paid for. Yet opposition to the calling at once by President Coolidge of a special session of Congress is strong even in Louisiana. Let the matter be taken up in due course—that is, November—is the cry; and the floods begin to come down a month later! It seems obvious that the time to act is now. *Now* funds are needed—urgently, immediately; the months between today and the approach of the inevitable next flood are barely long enough to consider the matter from a scientific and non-political point of view. Congress, if it were in session today, could without delay appropriate funds for relief and take the business of rehabilitation out of private hands. It could, in addition, pass the bill introduced last winter by Representative O'Connor of Louisiana calling for the appointment of a commission to investigate flood conditions and advise as to procedure. A body of engineers appointed now, with power to coordinate the government departments dealing with flood control which are hopelessly at variance, would have six months to study the situation and make a report. There need be no "playing politics."

THE MEASURE OF CALVIN COOLIDGE may again be taken by his latest action with regard to his conferences with newspapermen. He has now ruled not only that newspapermen may not state what questions have been submitted to him, but that they may not state what questions he has refused to answer. By this petty but arbitrary act he is seeking to prevent its becoming known that he has been asked and refused to answer whether he signed a state-

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ment in 1912 protesting against a third term for Theodore Roosevelt. That he has for weeks dodged the question sent to him by the editor of the *Forum* as to whether he will or will not be a candidate for a third term is well known. He cannot punish the editor of the *Forum*, but he can hold over the Washington correspondents the threat of their exclusion from the White House. As that might mean in some cases the loss of their jobs, the result is quite obvious. We do not recall any previous President who laid down the doctrine that the press must not criticize his policies in foreign affairs on pain of being called unpatriotic and then undertook to regulate what the press men should say in his august presence and should write after leaving it.

WE ARE REMINDED by Senator Walsh of Montana of the importance of being Andrew W. Mellon and of the priceless advantage it is to the Aluminum Company of America to have its controlling stockholder at the head of the Treasury Department, just across a little strip of grass from the White House. In the issue of the *New South* for May Senator Walsh recalls that as far back as 1912 Mr. Mellon's company, which has a monopoly in the production of crude aluminum in America, was adjudged to have violated the anti-trust laws by the United States District Court of western Pennsylvania. A decree was entered directing it to cease various practices in restraint of trade. But when in October, 1924, the Federal Trade Commission, after two years of inquiry, reported on the high price of house-furnishing goods nearly half of the report had to be devoted to detailing violations of the court decree of 1912 on the part of the Aluminum Company of America. The Department of Justice was advised of the findings and Attorney General Stone replied, acknowledging that there was evidence either that the company was indifferent to the decree or was intentionally violating it. But the letter was sent only after a delay of several months.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, says Senator Walsh, assigned to the inquiry a man who was neither a lawyer nor an economist. He took some notes from the evidence of the Federal Trade Commission, went into "the field" for further facts, and after an inquiry pursued with "amazing leisureliness" reported that he had discovered no substantial complaint of the methods of Mr. Mellon's company. No further information came from the department in regard to the case until September, 1925, when a group of newspaper correspondents asked Mr. Stone's successor about it. "He told them he had never heard of the affair!" In January, 1926, the Senate directed its Judiciary Committee to inquire whether due expedition had been shown in the investigation; the report was in the negative. Meanwhile a Detroit manufacturer had appealed to the Federal Trade Commission. It assigned a lawyer to investigate and, contrary to the findings of the man from the Department of Justice, he reported that complaint was "very general." The Senate was asked to make an investigation of its own, but declined to do so by a close vote, 36 to 33. The proceeding still drags on in the Department of Justice, delayed by ingenious counsel and growing ever more pointless because of the statute of limitations. In the circumstances one might expect that Mr. Mellon would demand immediate action and that the President would take the case outside of his official family for inquiry and, if necessary, prosecution. But as Senator Walsh says the "purpose is to shield Mr. Mellon."

LAST FALL THE NEW YORK CITY Board of Education refused to allow the American Civil Liberties Union to hold a meeting in one of the public schools on the subject of Old-Fashioned Free Speech. Officially, at least, neither the subject nor the announced speakers—John Haynes Holmes, James Weldon Johnson, Nevin Sayre, Norman Thomas—was the cause of the ruling. Objection was made to the Civil Liberties Union itself; it was branded by the board as "un-American, untruthful, and immoral." On an appeal to Albany, the action of the board was sustained by Commissioner of Education Graves—but on different grounds. The Civil Liberties Union was not objected to by the commissioner, but the subject was; no controversial subjects could be discussed in public-school buildings, he held. Both rulings are in process of being tested by the indomitable Civil Liberties Union. Already, on a new application, it has received permission from the Board of Education for a meeting in a school to discuss the Growth of New York City since 1900—a subject apparently considered free from dynamite, especially since it is to be handled by such worthy citizens as Charles C. Burlingham, the distinguished lawyer and former president of the board; Nelson S. Spencer, former president of the City Club; Congressman La Guardia, Professor John Dewey, and Dean Lathrop, assistant to Bishop Manning. By granting this application, the board appears to have reversed itself on the question of the Civil Liberties Union's morals and Americanism. The fact is, an organization is dangerous only so long as it is represented by persons whom the authorities dislike. In this business no principles can be applied, no lines can be drawn. We congratulate the Civil Liberties Union on its success in showing up the hypocrisy of censors.

WE HAVE PUBLISHED or commented on the various decrees by which Mussolini has muzzled the press. These, however, can give no idea of the methods actually in operation, because orders from Mussolini are given to the editors by the prefects over the telephone, with strict instructions that no notes whatever shall be made of them. But some of these orders reached the European socialist press and were reprinted in the Milwaukee *Leader*. We quote a few:

> August 5, 1926. It is forbidden to refer in any way to the interview which the Indian poet Tagore gave to a reporter of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, in which he denies the Fascist report that he is an admirer of Mussolini.
>
> August 25, 1926. It is ordered not to say anything about a manifesto of London intellectuals which demands the abolition of forced enlistments.
>
> August 30, 1926. Suppress all mention of the purchase of war materials in Italy by foreign governments.
>
> September 23, 1926. Don't publish the final plea of the attorney general in the process dealing with the murder of the Fascist Luporini and the Anti-Fascist Nenniolini in Florence. Cut every word referring to the economic, financial, and political penetration of Albania by Italy. (It was emphasized that these orders came direct from Mussolini.)
>
> October 13, 1926. Nothing must be said about the thefts committed by Italian soldiers in the hotels of Meran, South Tyrol.
>
> February 25, 1927. The prefect forbids any mention of the departure of Under Secretary of State Grandi to San Remo for the purpose of meeting the German Foreign Minister Stresemann.

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A BEAUTIFUL "VOLUNTARY COOPERATION" between capital and labor having been announced in the recent Italian Labor Contract, published in *The Nation* of May 18, the all-powerful Italian state has proceeded to get down to business by demanding that workers in all branches of production accept a 10 per cent cut in wages. This is for the sake of "improved national economy," and is to be accompanied by a corresponding reduction by employers in the cost of production. It is curious, in these happy arrangements between employer and employed, that the worker's contribution to the needs of the state is always sharply defined—10 per cent or 15 per cent—while employers are left to their own discretion in the amount of loss they will take. It leaves one wondering just where, for the workers, the "voluntary" aspect of the situation comes in. Perhaps Signor Mussolini visualizes each Italian workman saying, soberly but with a sort of noble joy, to his devoted wife: "Of course we shall suffer hardship; of course we did not get quite enough to eat before, and now we shall get less. But it is for the state. Let that be our reward." This may be a true picture. If it is not, Mussolini has driven another nail into the receptacle for his political corpse. The lira is going up; wages are going down. Perhaps prices will go down also, but the Government admits they are not keeping up with wages. Italy must some time stop borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

SAM BERNARD, known to several generations of theatergoers, died suddenly at sea on the evening of May 17. Seen in a play here during the present season, he had been on the stage for fifty years, and like many great comedians he had risen gradually from the humblest ranks of his calling to a position of real eminence. Born in England, he made his debut as an entertainer in a Coney Island beer-garden and then, after becoming one of the chief comedians at the old Weber and Fields Music Hall, he passed on to the legitimate stage, where he became famous for his interpretations, touched with wistfulness, of German and Jewish characters. It is said that he was exclusively an interpreter and that he was responsible for none of the lines which he spoke, but for most of those who saw him it was hard to believe that the humor did not proceed from his own soul, for he stamped whatever he did with the impress of his personality. He will be remembered not for any particular role which he played, but because he was recognizable as his own amusing self behind whatever mask he happened to be, for the moment, wearing.

FEELING RAN HIGH in the University of Madrid when the philosophical faculty proposed on May 17 to confer an honorary degree on King Alfonso in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. The nomination was declared to be unwarranted and inopportune, and after a lively debate a memorial was signed by fourteen of the leading professors. It was charged that the king had failed conscientiously to perform his constitutional duties. His complicity in the persecution of men like Miguel Unamuno and Francisco Ferrer, the famous teacher, was bitterly denounced. The execution of Ferrer in 1909 aroused world-wide indignation, and the retirement of Unamuno from his post as professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca because of his criticism of the Dictator, De Rivera, has now borne its fruit. The opposition to the King's degree was that of courageous intellectuals free from party prejudice. Most of them had no strong political leanings, and those who did ranged from Julian Bestiero, professor of logic, representative of the Spanish Socialist Party in the Socialist International, to Professor Bullon, a noted Conservative. Of one hundred professors privileged to vote on granting the degree, sixteen voted No, and sixty refrained from voting.

GOOD EDITORS OF OLD BOOKS, it would seem, are as scarce as good authors of new ones. Professor Ernest Bernbaum in a recent issue of *Modern Language Notes* has administered a rebuke to slovenly editorial workers in the field of old fiction, which field, according to Professor Bernbaum, has in the past two years yielded 88 reprints of prose narratives dating from the beginnings to 1800. That there have been so many volumes of the sort argues a commendable enterprise on the part of the publishers, and Professor Bernbaum admits as much. His quarrel is with editors who do not know all that a scholar can know about the books they are sponsoring, who sometimes fake their learning, and who read proof badly or not at all. Positive error or deliberate dishonesty is certainly not to be condoned in editors of any kind. But we find Professor Bernbaum unnecessarily nervous concerning the scholarship of "literati" like Van Wyck Brooks, Richard Aldington, and John Macy who write introductions for volumes in The Broadway Translations, The Blue Jade Library, The Rogue's Bookshelf, and similar series. The sensible question is whether scholarship of Professor Bernbaum's sort is needed in essays commending famous works of early fiction. Since a popular audience is aimed at now as then, why should not the editors for this audience be interesting and imaginative men? We think they should be, and suspect that many Ph.D.'s would be otherwise.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE has been paid to President Neilson of Smith College by the establishment in that institution of the William A. Neilson Chair of Research. It is intended both as a tribute to President Neilson's interests in scholarship and as a personal appreciation of a man, beloved by all who know him, on the occasion of his tenth anniversary as president of this college. Mr. Neilson has long since taken front rank among the university presidents of the East, and is one of the two or three outstanding university figures whose work is being carefully watched by the entire college world. To the new chair there has been appointed, for a five-year period, Professor Kurt Koffka of the University of Giessen; he will establish next fall, with the aid of a group of assistants, a research laboratory in experimental and educational psychology. This is the first research chair to be established in a woman's college, but it is safe to say that the results of the experiment will be of great value to all colleges. Indeed, it is in line with the plan outlined by Charles R. Mann, director of the American Council of Education, at a recent meeting of the Association of American Colleges, for the establishment of a committee to stimulate research in colleges, which have too often left this to the universities. Teaching without scholarship and research is usually barren; the worth-while teacher must always advance in his field of knowledge. The difficulty has, of course, been lack of means in the colleges as contrasted with the universities, so that research has too often been a luxury. The William A. Neilson professorship shows what can be done when faculty, alumnae, and the friends of the institution determine to find the way.

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The Tariff Specter Will Not Be Denied

EVERY day the tariff specter, a veritable Banquo's ghost, arises to haunt the protectionists. Outwardly they insist that nothing is wrong with the system, that only a few cranks are opposed to it, that it has come to stay, and that America cannot do without it. But secretly they are quarreling among themselves and are as little content with their partnership with the Government as are some of those who oppose their receiving special privileges denied to others. Abroad, at every turn the tariff pops up. Is it a question of the international debt settlements? The American tariff comes up at once. Does one discuss the rising tide of ill-will against us all over the world? Then the tariff cannot be hidden. It is the skeleton in the closet. When tariff increases are proposed, as recently in France and Germany, the explanation is that it is to oppose the American tariff. The official spies of the United States are in Europe, 365 days of the year, peering into the costs of production of every industrial country—a procedure no American manufacturer would tolerate for a moment in the United States, much less the American Government. At every point at which the tariff touches the life of other countries it fosters bitterness and hatred toward us.

To be concrete, let us refer to the two economic conferences which have just been attracting world-wide attention. The Third Pan-American Conference, which adjourned in Washington on May 5, unanimously resolved that a committee of business men should be formed at once to bring about the gradual reduction of high customs duties wherever found. The resolution was general, but it originated with the Argentine delegation, with whose country the United States has been having a trade dispute as to frozen meat which resulted in something of an economic boycott. Secretary Hoover told the delegates that tariff policies were of secondary importance, but that did not keep the question from coming up during the conference in one form or another. It was only Luis Duhan of Argentina, however, who dared to express explicitly his opposition to the barriers erected by the United States to prevent the free exchange of goods with the countries which Uncle Sam insists upon treating as minors, orphans, and his special proteges.

As for the Economic Conference at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, the New York *Times* reported on May 6 that "the formation of an economic United States of Europe to be directed against Anglo-American commercial domination became more clearly the definite object of the International Economic Conference today." Such a move has long been forecast; it is the inevitable result of our tariff barriers, quite aside from any question of "commercial domination." This is the first time, however, that its approach has been so clearly recognized. It is needless to say that the American tariff bobbed up repeatedly. All the delegates, the reports run, "are agreed that the present tariff walls have produced an abnormal situation which is dangerous to European prosperity." One of the British delegates, Walter Layton, asked early in the proceedings the unanswerable question: "Just what attitude does the United States intend to preserve toward European industry and commerce during the next decade?"—unanswerable now because the answer will be given sometime hence by the American manufacturers who subsidize the Republican Party and tell it what schedules to write into the law of the land.

Our governmental tariff-spying system came up for discussion. At first it seemed as if the American delegates themselves would refuse to support this indefensible practice—as every man of principle ought to. Then evidently they changed their minds and decided to defend their Government. Switzerland and Sweden, two countries which refused to permit the American spies to examine the books of their respective manufacturers, led the way for an explicit condemnation of this practice. There was no difficulty in rousing feeling against the United States; it is a simple fact that its agents have gone to the European manufacturers and obtained access to their books on the pretense that if they were allowed to study them there might be a change of the tariff in favor of the particular manufacturers approached. The revealing of their trade secrets was then rewarded by further discrimination against them.

The truth is that if this Economic Conference is to be of any value whatever it must sooner or later grapple with the tariff problem. As long as tariff barriers exist between members of the League of Nations that League beco more or less of a joke. That has been clearly pointed in the admirable memorandum addressed to the Conferen in Geneva by the International Union for Land-Value Taxation and Free Trade. "The very existence of a tariff or other artificial obstacles to trade is an implicit betrayal," the Union correctly asserts, "of the spirit of the League of Nations." Well, our protectionists will reply, what of it? We are not members of the League. To this the answer is precisely that foreshadowed in the *Times* dispatch we have quoted above. There must be a league against the Unite States for offense and defense if we persist in our attitude. There is no other way out for Europe. Indeed, at the very moment that this Economic Conference was going on the French Minister of Commerce, Bokanowski, insisted that next month the Chamber of Deputies must vote the new and higher French protective tariff which he is demanding largely in order to protect France against the United States. He insists that the tariff must be raised for bargaining purposes as well as for protection, and he added significantly enough on May 13: "The day when the Powers decide for free trade France will answer present to the roll call. . . ."

Meanwhile, here at home we hear that the Tariff Commission will be actively at work on July 1, when it will again be in funds. It is reported both that it is being overwhelmed with complaints that the tariff is not high enough in many cases, and that the Coolidge Administration has been sounding out certain industries with a view to seeing whether they could not be induced to accept decreases. Meanwhile, the Democrats are beginning to stir, and, Republican though he is, Senator Howell of Nebraska has joined them in suggesting a gradual reduction of rates. So the tariff family is not and never can be happy. This is proved by a statement given out by that high priest of protection, Wilbur F. Wakeman, the genius of the American Protective Tariff League, which reads as follows: "I am an admirer of President Coolidge but do not like the timidity and procrastination which prevails in the administration of our custom tariff laws"!

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Britain's Blow at Labor

IT is officially called the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill. In the Labor Party it has been dubbed the Blacklegs' Charter. It is not so much a piece of legislation as a punishment—the "sanction" levied upon organized labor in Great Britain for its defeat in the general strike of a year ago. The purpose of Premier Baldwin and his Conservative majority in forcing it through Parliament is to weaken organized labor industrially and, if possible, to wreck it politically. They are deliberately playing politics with it under pretense of safeguarding the realm. Moreover, it must be read in connection with the raid upon Arcos House, the office of the Russian Cooperative Societies in London. A year from next fall the life of this Parliament expires. Is there another Conservative victory in the Soviet issue and the "Blacklegs' Charter"?

But even within Mr. Baldwin's party there is some doubt that the bill will accomplish its objects and a good deal of uneasiness exists among employers lest the bad feeling created have a disastrous effect upon the country's already depressed industry. Comment in recent numbers of the English weeklies shows that second thought on the bill suggests many unpleasant possibilities in it. Although the Government is so committed to the legislation that it will probably pay little attention to the maturer judgment even of its own sympathizers, it is none the less significant that a journal like the *Spectator* questions "whether more will not be lost in the public interest than can be gained by the bill." While agreeing with the intention of the legislation the *Spectator* doubts if it will, as intended, clarify the law in regard to the rights of trade unions. It thinks, on the contrary, that the language is vague and likely to keep the courts busy interpreting it. Moreover, "A bitter and prolonged dispute seems to lie ahead, and this is much to be regretted at a time when there was a reasonable prospect of industrial peace. Nothing can compare in importance with peace in industry just when our feet are set on the road back to prosperity." The *Spectator* says further:

> We have frequently expressed the wish that if there was to be fresh trade-union legislation it should be carried out as far as possible by agreement with the trade unions. Those who suffer most from defective or tyrannical trade-union laws are certainly the trade unionists themselves, who have not the ability or the nerve to throw off their fetters. Of course, Labor might have flatly refused an invitation to discuss the matter. In that case the Government would have been in a very much stronger position than now.

We discussed editorially in our issue of March 16 various bulwarks of British labor which the forthcoming legislation purposes to destroy and in the number of May 4 printed the bill in full. It is necessary here, therefore, only to remind our readers that the bill seeks to make unlawful any general strike or any compulsion upon the government; it aims to cripple the treasury of the Labor Party by making the political contributions of a trade-union member an individual affirmative act in place of the present system whereby such contributions are automatic unless the individual specifies to the contrary; it limits greatly the activities of civil servants; and it restricts drastically the present rights in regard to picketing and peaceful persuasion. Picketing and persuasion are to be unlawful if they lead to "an apprehension of boycott, or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt." This language is so broad as to lead the London *Nation* to paraphrase the Shakespearean dialogue:

> Blackleg: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
>
> 1st Picket (aside to 2nd Picket): Is the law on our side, if I say aye?
>
> 2nd Picket: No. [It would cause apprehension of exposure to contempt or ridicule.]
>
> 1st Picket: No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Whole-hearted support for the Government's bill seems to come mostly from the die-hard Conservatives who want to cripple trade unionism at any cost and from the left-wing labor forces which believe the legislation will hasten what they regard as the inevitable class struggle. Such weekly journals of progressive opinion as the *New Statesman* and the London *Nation* naturally oppose the legislation although they foresee different results from it. The *New Statesman* regrets the bill as an inequitable gesture, but thinks it will be unenforceable and unenforced, with "no appreciable effect upon the actual position and activities and powers of the trade unions."

> Sane Labor opinion on the bill hardly knows whether to scold or to laugh. So much of it can obviously never be enforced. How, for example, are the provisions against picketing to be enforced in a mining village? Is the whole village to be sent to prison? The legalization of picketing was a very valuable right when it was first granted to the trade unions, but nowadays non-union blacklegs are in most industries so few that it really would not matter very much to the unions if picketing were abolished altogether. It would not, that is to say, appreciably affect the success or failure of any ordinary strike.

The London *Nation*, on the other hand, takes "the gravest view of the probable consequences of this bill," calling it "the most wanton contribution to social discord that any Government has made in modern times." To this opinion we strongly incline.

The Movies and Their Czar

THE power which Will Hays exercises over the movies is extensive and arbitrary. The chief producing companies submit themselves to this control, and those who would like to know in what interest it is wielded would do well to consider the case of the melodrama "Spread Eagle." Not even the most prudish could possibly consider the play objectionable to decency. Sex, except in the form of a sentimental and wholly subsidiary love story, does not enter into it, and its language is pure. Yet "Spread Eagle," so its producers say, has been banned from the movies and banned for no reason except that its tone is not conventionally patriotic.

Its fable is concerned with a war with Mexico, and by implication it charges exactly what has been charged in countless magazine articles, namely, that oil and other interests operate to bring about American intervention. But Mr. Hays, it seems, does not approve of such ideas. Perhaps they may tend to cast some reflection upon the Harding Administration, of which he was a part; perhaps he merely sympathizes with those veterans' organizations which have successfully protested against the plan to broadcast excerpts from the play over the radio. But whatever

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his reasons may be, Mr. Hays's word goes. "Spread Eagle" will not appear in the movies and the country will be protected from "dangerous" ideas.

This is the serious charge which the producers of "Spread Eagle" make. That Mr. Hays's office, established and defended on the ground that it afforded a necessary safeguard against indecency, should be used to reduce the movies to a state of spineless orthodoxy is indefensible. More than that, it is positively dangerous. The movies are, so we are constantly informed, one of the most powerful instruments of popular education; as such, no democracy can afford to allow them to be controlled in the interest of any particular propaganda. Yet serious as the charge is, Mr. Hays's office will not deign to answer it. Not only is the power of that office arbitrary but its acts are secret as well. No one knows officially whether or not "Spread Eagle" was banned, and no one ever will know. That Mr. Hays is called a "czar" is not the result merely of the picturesqueness of common speech, for he is a czar in fact and he wields his power czaristically.

In this particular case we have made every effort, both by letter and by word of mouth, to secure information from Mr. Hays's office, but that information has been categorically denied us. We have, in its place, been given an abundance of generalities. The office, we hear, considers plays and stories submitted to it purely from the standpoint of their "availability as movie material," and it has been admitted that the activity thus innocently described includes an examination to make sure that there is nothing in any story which would prove offensive to the prejudices of any considerable group of persons anywhere in Europe or America. We have even been told that writers engaged in creating works which they hope to have used in the movies are in the habit of calling the office on the telephone in order to learn whether or not some particular situation or idea is "available"; but concerning no specific case will any information be given us. *If* "Spread Eagle" was submitted and *if* it was banned, then it was banned because "it was not available as motion-picture material."

Such arbitrary and secret dealing cannot be defended on the ground that Mr. Hays's office is concerned merely with the private business affairs of a group of private corporations. The movies, like the press, are a proper subject for public concern. Indeed, no one doubts that Mr. Hays was appointed to his position for the very reason that, having been a public man, he would give to the office over which he presides the air of representing the people; under these circumstances, it is imperative that those whom he represents should know what action he takes. Writing recently in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Hays himself said: "Had the motion picture been known when the Constitution was written, there is not the slightest doubt that it, too, would have been accorded those inalienable rights which Americans jealously safeguard, for motion pictures are but visualized speech and thought." He spoke, also, of that fact that "to release the product of one's brain only after it has been strained through the sieve of a censor and has received his imprimatur is a discouragement and an affront to conscious men." These are well-sounding words, but what of the spirit behind them? If Mr. Hays banned "Spread Eagle" merely because its authors believe it not impossible that a capitalist might succeed in provoking war with Mexico then Mr. Hays has been guilty of an outrageous abuse of power. If he did not, he owes the public a denial.

Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, Skoal!

"Speak! speak! thou fearless boy!
Who, to our breathless joy,
Hast with thy wingéd toy
Tamed the Atlantic!
Wrapt not in eagle-down,
But with your harness on,
You flew where none had flown,
And we are frantic."

Then from those Northern eyes
Laughter began to rise,
Thinking of sleety skies
Passed now forever,
And of the water's flow
Under the ice and snow,
As he resolved to go
Back to land never.

"I am no Viking old!
My deeds are young and bold;
We came through all that cold—
I and my engine.
Before you have toasted me,
Hailing my victory,
Let those nine pistons be
Honored with mention.

"Over Long Island Sound,
By the Grand Bank around,
We left the solid ground
Darkened behind us.
Then fell the evening—
Frozen and evil thing—
With only the compass ring
There to remind us.

"Sleep there was none now;
I and my swift prow
Sped as we wondered how
Broad was the ocean.
Rising ten thousand feet—
Still came the angry sleet!
Ah! then the early, sweet
Morning in motion.

"All day I felt the pull
Of the steel miracle. . . .
Ireland was beautiful,
Then France was near us."
Now from the flowing bowl
Spoke forth a nation's soul:
"Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, skoal!
New York to Paris!"

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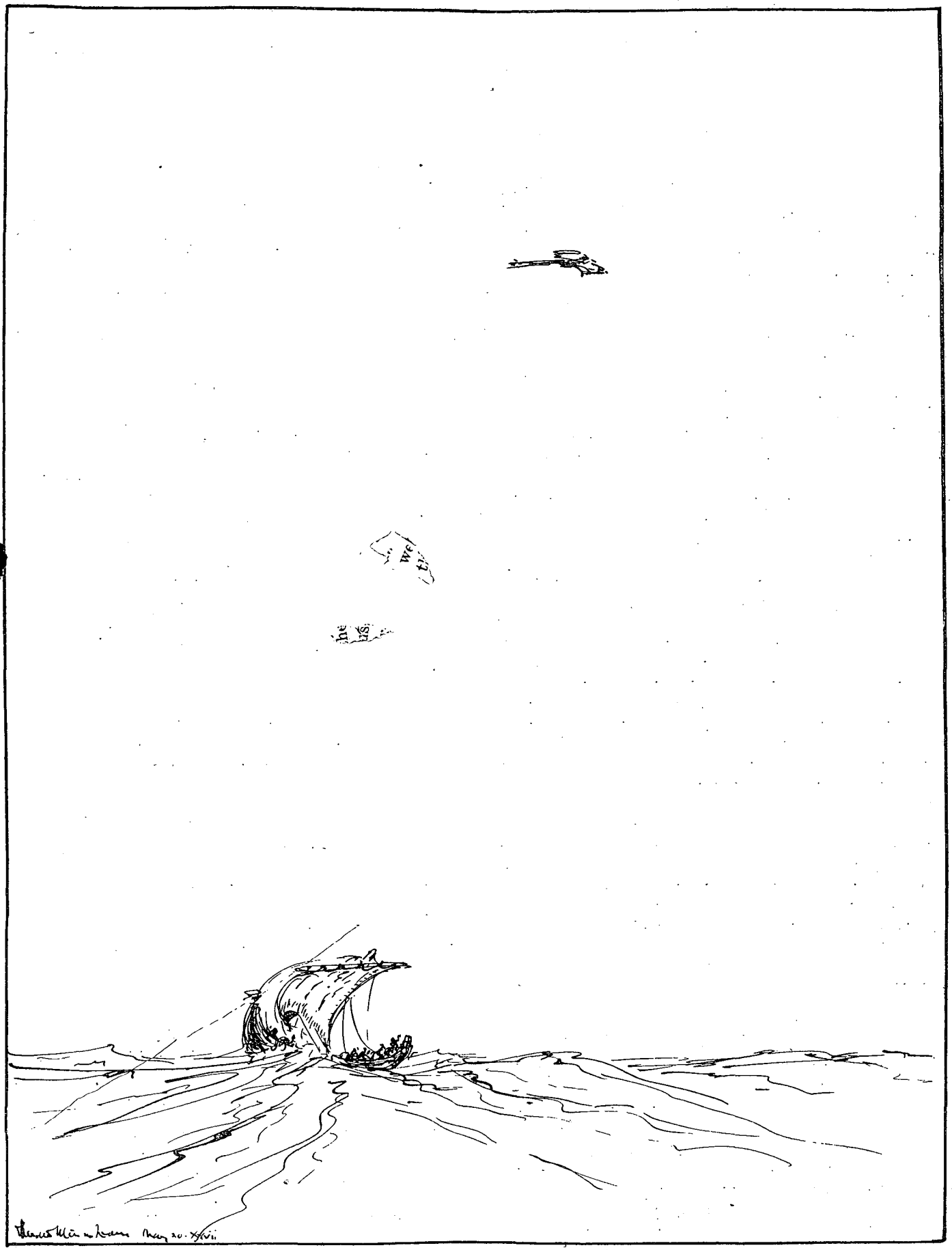

The Return Visit

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Deception According to Law

By MORRIS L. ERNST

[*The challenging issue raised by Mr. Ernst in the following article was submitted for comment to a list of distinguished lawyers, including Emory R. Buckner, Samuel Untermyer, George Gordon Battle, Julius Henry Cohen, Max D. Steuer, James N. Rosenberg, and others. Their opinions will appear next week.*]

IN the storm of protest and counter-protest that has centered about the Sacco-Vanzetti case a startling *obiter dictum* of the Massachusetts Supreme Court has gone almost unnoticed. The attorney who prosecuted Sacco and Vanzetti suppressed information and evidence in his possession tending to affirm the innocence of the defendants. It may or may not have been conclusive; I do not wish to cloud the problem of legal ethics by analyzing the kind or amount of such evidence in this case. The fact stands unchallenged that the prosecutor had evidence in favor of the defendants and suppressed it. The jury never heard of it, and when the defendants' attorneys objected to this suppression the highest court of Massachusetts declared: "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove."

This seems to me a shocking admission.

Obviously, the prosecutor cannot be required to call every possible person who has testimony to offer. He should, for instance, have the right to refuse to call an inmate of an insane asylum who has been excited by the tabloids and wants to testify as to imaginary happenings. Yet one might well ask in passing for a definition of the word "confidence." Did the court refer to a "confidence" that the witness would help get a conviction, or "confidence" in his veracity and reliability?

More important, however, is the question: What ethical principle justifies a prosecutor in failing to call a witness whose testimony might defeat the plea for conviction?

There can be no doubt that such is the rule of the game called "law." The decisions so hold. Yet this reasoning seems to me clearly unethical, in violation of canons of legal ethics and even of the oath administered to lawyers in many States. The American Bar Association, at its thirty-fifth annual meeting in 1908, adopted a canon of Professional Ethics. Rule 5 reads in part as follows:

> The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict but to see that justice is done.
>
> The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

A common form for the oath of admission to practice reads in part: "I will never seek to mislead the judge or jury by any artifice or false statement of fact or law."

How can a prosecutor maintain that he is not seeking to mislead if, knowing of evidence of innocence, he does not bring it before the judge and jury?

Let us take one or two examples. The district attorney in a murder case interviews four witnesses, all of whom appear honest and reputable. He has "confidence" in them; they are the kind of men whose testimony might be contradicted but not impeached. The testimony of three tends to prove innocence, of the fourth to prove guilt. Under Canon 5 the prosecutor should seek justice rather than conviction. Instead, he puts the fourth man on the witness-stand, and tells the other three to leave the State for the time or to keep out of sight. The defense fails to locate the three friendly witnesses, the defendant is convicted, the judge pronounces sentence, and the defendant is hanged.

Should not the district attorney be disbarred for secreting three witnesses who would have testified to the innocence of the defendant?

Suppose, however, that the district attorney instead of secreting the witnesses merely fails to call them. Suppose the prosecutor talks with four equally reputable witnesses, all pistol experts, three of whom would testify that the defendant's pistol could not have fired the death bullet, while the fourth disagrees. Is the prosecutor who calls only the fourth seeing that "justice is done"? Has he lived up to his oath never to "seek to mislead judge or jury by any artifice or false statement of fact or law"?

Where is the ethical distinction between hanging a human being by secreting a witness and by failing to call one? To the man who is hanged the distinction is of little value.

We are still at the *caveat emptor* stage of justice. The merchants have gone far beyond this primitive stage of ethics of letting the "buyer beware." Once the seller was under no duty to reveal the nature of his wares. "Here, buy this gold ring," he said; "if it turns out to be brass, that's your look-out." Business has passed into the second stage. "Here's a gold ring." The buyer can sue if there is no gold in it—if the representations made are literally false. But business is now entering a third stage, in which the seller must tell the precise karat fineness of the gold in his ring. His statements must be more than merely honest in so far as they go—they must tell the whole truth.

The legal profession lags behind, in the second stage. Statutes against perjury took it out of the first stage. Prohibition of secreting witnesses and hiding testimony brought it into the second. Why not consider the possibility of requiring complete disclosure of all facts, at least in capital cases, in the hope that prosecutors will aim at justice instead of at convictions? As the game of matching wits is now played in court, the prosecutor feels no duty either to put his so-called unfriendly witnesses on the stand or to call the attention of the defense to their possible testimony.

To me it seems as if some violent biological force was driving this problem of legal ethics into the consciousness of the nation. The bar is on the defensive. Naturally, lawyers hesitate to face the issue. They are human beings, and dislike to admit that codes of ethics long adhered to need to be changed. Such an admission carries with it a kind of confession of unethical practices in the past. Change seems to imply confession of error, and confession of error is too often construed as a defeat instead of the spiritual victory it may more truly be. Truth at best is difficult to find. Most matter is controversial, and the lives of human beings often depend upon the sifting for truth. All material facts should be poured into the sieve.

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Will not the bar associations fearlessly appoint committees to consider whether the court decisions are in accord with the canons of ethics, and if not which shall prevail? Possibly the committees will recommend that the bar restate its rules of ethical practice. The problem raised by the Massachusetts Supreme Court can be completely isolated from the accusations of judicial bias and unjudicial atmosphere commonly made in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It is a challenge to the profession. Does the bar admit that convictions rather than justice should be the prosecutor's aim?

In the Blackball Mine

By ALFRED W. PAGE

[*This article was submitted in* The Nation's *1926 Student Worker Contest. Since its author lives in New Zealand, the article was ineligible for a prize, but is printed on account of its excellence and general interest.*]

THE Blackball in which I found myself, after a day's tedious railway journey, is a township of wretched, unpainted dwellings, of ragged children, of a multitude of hotels, of smoke and of grime and of rain. To a young student, fresh from the assured security and irresponsibility of college life, even though he be fortified with money sufficient for immediate needs, looking for work is an experience as illuminating as it is uncomfortable. The absence of the mine manager caused my first two days to be days of fretting idleness. Unemployment, hitherto regarded with the philosophic complacency of one not directly affected, was glimpsed in something of its grim reality. Then with the manager's return came the joy of a job secured, of the thought of primitive, sweat-producing toil next morning.

That morning will always remain a vividly colored picture: the crowded bath-house, oozing steam and sweat and profanity; the yawning pit mouth; the lines of trucks; the whirring of machinery; the tired, patient horses; the oddly assorted throng of miners, all openly curious of the shrinking new chum painfully conscious of the betraying cleanness of his boots and dungarees, and panic-stricken in the discovery that there are certain essentials beyond old clothes with which one is expected to provide oneself. But nothing can exceed the rough good-heartedness of miners. Within a few minutes I found myself in possession of cap, lamp, tin for carbide, water-bottle. Then down into the blackness of the mine, blackness which the acetylene lamp bobbing uncomfortably on my head proved completely ineffective in piercing; bewildered, stumbling, no particle of dignity or importance left, grateful for my comrades' gruff advice:

"Better hold your lamp in your hand, sonny."

"Keep clear of that rope."

"Watch your head now, mate." The problem is to watch one's head and one's feet at the same time, a problem which seems to present no difficulties to the old-timers, but which I never succeeded in solving. As disaster followed immediately and invariably if I removed my eyes one instant from the mine floor, and only sometimes if I removed them from the roof, I finally adopted the plan of abandoning my head to its fate and concentrating all my energies on safely guiding my feet. The way was strewn with pitfalls more thickly than Christian's in his Progress; and, unfortunately, the goal it led to could scarcely be called a Celestial City. The beginner's job is trucking. He has to push the empty trucks from the main tunnel up a branch line to the men hewing the coal; and run down with the loaded ones. Afterwards, I learned how to make the job a comparatively easy one; but that first day it was as hard work as ever I wish to experience. Panting, sweating; in semi-darkness; in a hot, poisonous atmosphere; bruised and aching, as I strained to keep up with the flood of empties that the rope-road poured forth, or hung on like grim death to the loaded trucks as they rushed downwards, frantically endeavoring to prevent their crashing too heavily into the stationary ones in front. Failure meant a derailed truck, and a shamefaced appeal to my grumbling mates for help in lifting it back.

Unfortunately, much of the well-meant advice that was tendered me proved of little value owing to my inability to understand half the words used. "Why don't you sprag her, mate?" "Are you ready to jig, there?" "See you chock your skip, sonny." Not having the remotest idea what was being referred to, I was at a disadvantage in answering; but not for worlds would I have admitted my ignorance. Further to increase my troubles, almost 50 per cent of the miners at Blackball are English or Scotch immigrants whose dialects were often wholly unintelligible to me.

The stream of trucks seemed interminable, leaving me no time to marvel at the strength and endurance of the men who were filling them. Then, O the joy of it! a lull. The rope had stopped, thanks to a fall of coal somewhere on the main rope-road. Later I discovered that stoppages of the rope are by no means uncommon, that on the average probably an hour or more a day is lost through this cause; and I found that idleness, if enforced in a dark, oppressive pit, may be as wearisome as work. You condemn the incapacity of the management and the stupidity of the system under which such waste is possible; but that first hour of unexpected rest you accept with pious thankfulness as a special gift of Providence. The other truckers share, in a less degree, your satisfaction. They are paid day wages. But the feelings of the men on the coal, who work on the contract system, are very different, and are expressed in highly colored language. In regard to that language, one is struck not so much by its profanity as by its lack of originality.

The end of even the first shift in a coal mine arrives at last; the adventurous journey to the surface is accomplished; fresh air and daylight are experienced once again; and—crowning blessing of all—a steaming bath-house is waiting. Some years ago, as the result of determined and persistent agitation, the provision of baths at every mine was enforced. The reform is perhaps the greatest and the most appreciated of all the New Zealand miners have won.

Baths are certainly needed. At first, even with them, I despaired of ever getting clean. My companion was unsympathetic. "That's always the way with new chums," he explained. "When you're not used to baths, your skin's rough and holds the dirt." My pride had suffered many jolts that day; but this was the worst of all. "The great unwashed," indeed!

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The novelty and adventure of the first few days do not last long. When the novice's muscles have become hardened, when he has been "put wise" to dodges for lightening work, he sinks into a state of mental torpor which accepts the lot of shoving trucks as part of a divinely ordered plan. Conditions in the Blackball mine are comparatively good. There is no fire-damp, so that naked lights are used and smoking is permitted; the seams are high, and the temperature seldom rises much above 70° F. It is not the hardness of the work, not even the wet or the heat or the bad air that makes the tragedy of a miner's life. It is the deadly monotony. For six and a half hours you labor up and down the same fifty yards of track, or shovel coal into a ceaseless succession of trucks, all in pitch darkness, save for the faint gleams shed by the lamp.

At first there are occasional moments of excitement. An ominous, rapidly approaching rumble, a frantic shout "Look out, down there!" and a runaway truck crashes down upon you out of the blackness. Soon, however, a remarkable alacrity in leaping out of the danger zone becomes a matter of instinct, and even runaways lose their power to thrill.

A trucker receives between 16 and 17 shillings a day. With deductions for medical and accident funds, union dues, and stores (carbide, etc.) this gives him less than £4 for a five-day week, even if employment is regular. But employment seldom is regular. Through various causes—strikes, lockouts, falls, glutted markets—the mines are idle for several months in the year. The hewer is a little better off, being paid an average of just over 3 shillings per ton of coal hewn; but he suffers even more than the trucker from irregularity of work. It is difficult to obtain exact figures; but probably the average earnings of the New Zealand miner are not above £150 a year—an existing wage, perhaps; certainly not a living one. And that for as hard and dangerous labor as any which society demands.

There are two outstanding lessons which work in the Blackball coal mine cannot fail to drive home. First, the colossal stupidity, and above all, the colossal waste of our present competitive system: waste of material, waste of effort, waste of capacity, waste of life. The one thing thought of is to make a profit. The production of coal for the people's needs is a secondary consideration. Consequently, the coal is got out, not in the most economical and efficient way, but by whatever method seems to produce profits most rapidly. The amount of coal lost at Blackball is appalling. It is generally conceded that not more than 30 per cent of the possible total is mined. The rest will probably never be recovered. The waste of effort is almost as striking. Primitive and makeshift methods and gear are employed just so long as they serve to produce coal with the required margin of profit. Increased comfort for the men, and even increased efficiency from improved methods, apparently carry no weight. To cite one example: The loaded trucks are hauled up to the mine mouth along the main tunnel and the empties brought down by means of an endless rope. In one particular section of the mine the working face was 200 yards from the rope-road, to which the trucks were hauled by horses. Owing to the wetness of this section, the track was soon in a terrible state, the men and the horses often sinking up to their knees in mud. Not only did this make the work very unpleasant for the men, but the horses became covered with sores. For eighteen months nothing was done. Then the condition of the horses was so bad that the drivers refused to work them longer, and "came out." That occurred at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Next morning, in time for the new shift, the management had extended the rope-road right up to the working face. Not only were conditions of work very much more agreeable, but immediately the output of coal was more than doubled without the employment of any extra men.

The second lesson is the reality of the conflict between employers and employed. To one who has been fed the comfortable university philosophy that the unrest among workers is caused by a few troublesome agitators and Bolsheviks, actual experience of the bitterness and inevitability of the class struggle comes as a startling revelation. Your sympathies are wholly with the men; yet you realize that, after all, it is not the individual on either side who is to blame; it is the system—a grasp-who-can system, grown out of the savage instinct, inherited from times when there was no possibility of enough being produced to go round, to fight tooth and nail for oneself.

The Blackball mine is obviously in a bad state of disrepair: the timbering is rotten, the rails are worn and badly laid, the ropes are constantly breaking and the roads being blocked by falls. For the sake of both safety and efficiency a thorough overhaul is essential. Yet a short time ago, when floods prevented the coal being got away, the mine was closed down and the men turned adrift. Had even a portion of them been kept on to effect repairs a large source of friction as well as of waste would have been removed; but because such a policy would have involved expenditure that did not promise a direct and immediate return in the way of profits, the criminal risk to men's lives and the little less criminal wastage of time and energy and materials continued.

There were both strikes and lockouts during my two months at Blackball, and always the causes seemed incredibly trivial.

On one occasion two men were accused by the underground manager of having left work three minutes before time, and were told that they would have to lose a day. Their comrades threatened action unless the penalty was withdrawn. A little tact on both sides was all that was required to effect a peaceful settlement; but miners are often hotheaded and far from tactful. Consequently a one-day strike resulted. The men lost £300 or £400 in wages; the owners 800 or 900 tons of coal; and nobody one whit the better off.

There was a "show" in the town, an event sufficiently rare never to fail to arouse excitement. Everyone talked of it, everyone wanted to go. The men on "back shift," who normally got away from the mine at 10 p. m., wished to leave two hours early, losing, of course, their pay for that time. The manager refused the desired permission. His attitude was logical enough. If he allowed men to stop work whenever the whim took them order would be impossible. Equally understandable was the position of the miners. When the mine was stopped for any reason—a broken rope, or full bins, or a flooded river—they were turned off as a matter of course. If they were prepared to sacrifice two hours' pay for the sake of seeing a "show," why shouldn't they be allowed to do so? Both sides were adamant. The men attended the performance, and the management locked them out the following day.

"Wet time" is a constant source of friction. Under the New Zealand Coal Mines Agreement, men in wet places shall work six, instead of eight hours bank to bank. Unfor-

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tunately the views of managers and men as to what constitutes a "wet place" tend to differ. As an instance of an extreme case, two men were sent to clean out a blocked pump. As this necessitated their working up to their necks in water they decided to strip, and work "bare buffed." Considering they were entitled to "wet time," they left when that had expired, though the job was not completed. The manager met them. "Wet time, indeed!" he stormed. "Back and finish that job, or I'll sack you."

It is inevitable that the workers should be on the lookout for opportunities to "do" their bosses, much as boys at school take pride in outwitting an unpopular master. A piece of sacking soaked in water and secreted in the timber of the roof will often serve to make a dry place appear genuinely wet to the manager's eye; a fouled bell-wire means stoppage of work until the foul is discovered; an unfastened coupling or a weakened chain may cause a glorious "smash up" which, with luck, will block the road for hours. That it will also endanger many lives is not remembered unless serious results occur.

Every day in the mine made me more firmly convinced of two things. First, no material increase of human happiness is possible until our present social system is replaced by one founded on cooperation and the incentive of service. Second, the road to such an improved ordering of society is blocked by the gulf that separates employers and employed. If the present relations between them continue, violent revolutions or attempted revolutions are inevitable; and violence has never yet proved a lasting solution of any problem.

The Teacher Goes Job-Hunting

By THOMAS MINEHAN

II

[*This is the second section of Mr. Minehan's article on teachers as job-hunters. The first appeared in last week's* Nation.]

DEVIOUS as are the means through which a teacher gets a job, the method of application is more devious still. To anybody who has ever sought employment in the ordinary channels of business, the amount of correspondence carried on over even a sixty-dollar-a-month job is amazing.

In order to register in any agency a teacher has to furnish a complete record of his education and experience, a recent photograph, and from three to five references to verify all of his statements. The agency will then send him notice of some vacancy. The teacher writes a letter of application, giving full information in regard to his qualifications—education, experience, degrees, certificates held, and references. In addition, he incloses a photograph of himself and copies of three or four testimonials. At the same time the agency sends the school authorities a complete record of the candidate together with copies of the references which it has received. If the school authorities are going to consider the applicant they will answer his letter by sending a blank calling for information in regard to education, experience, degrees, certificates held, and references. The teacher has already supplied all this information, the agency has answered similar inquiries, and it has supported all these statements with copies of confidential references which it has received, yet the teacher, if he wants to be considered, must supply all the information once more. This is a good time, if the teacher has two or three more testimonials, to send them, and the experienced job-hunter invariably does. Meanwhile, the school authorities write to the teacher's references. In order to play safe the teacher will, if he is wise, have some friends in the educational and business world write letters to the school authorities urging his appointment. After a few days, the school board receives answers from the references. These together with the testimonials and letters of recommendation are examined. All are satisfactory, but there is unfortunately some vital information lacking. The teacher has not presented prima facie evidence that he is a believer—a true Christian, and an active Sunday-school worker. Nor has he presented a medical certificate. More correspondence, and a letter from a minister and a doctor is forwarded to the school authorities. At last all of the facts are in. After receiving similar information from fifteen or twenty candidates, the school board meets one night and on the basis of race, political, or religious prejudice appoints the applicant whom they or the agency had decided on in the first place.

Why then did they bother about applications, references, and testimonials from a dozen individuals? Simply to convince the man who is footing the bill that he is getting his money's worth. The more work the school board can make, the more generous the secretarial and office allowance the taxpayers can be induced to provide, the more plums there will be to distribute among followers. I know of a superintendent who was able to get an assistant and a stenographer simply by showing the county board an enormous stack of letters and references on his desk, which he assured them had to be answered. Next year the assistant looked after all routine work, the stenographer answered all mail, and the superintendent spent most of his time tabulating the results of a questionnaire which he had the stenographer copy into a doctor's thesis for him, and as a result of this work he got a raise in salary and a new job.

The correspondence carried on between the applying teacher and the school board is often curious. The school authorities in almost all cases want to know about the applicant's most personal habits. Does he smoke cigarettes? Is she fond of dancing? Will she teach Sunday school and take part in B. Y. P. U. work? Will he make a good basso in the local choir? Will she fall in love with any of the town swains? Will he cast immodest glances at the knees of his flapper pupils? Will the teacher be able to put on a weekly program that will permit every pupil to appear at advantage before the fond mammas? These and a hundred other questions must be answered before the school authorities will appoint the teacher. The strongest recommendation a teacher can have for most jobs in Dixie is to be a Baptist. The strongest recommendation a teacher can have for most jobs in Minnesota is to be a Scandinavian. Many teachers are selected because they happen to be of the same nationality or religious faith as the superintendent. I have

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known brilliant young teachers who found it absolutely impossible to get jobs simply because they were Jews. I have known of Catholics who have been removed in order to have teachers of other religious faiths appointed. Any teacher suspected of being a radical is never retained longer than it takes the board to meet, and in some States backwoods communities do not care to consider a graduate from any of the liberal universities.

Sometimes the school authorities require other qualifications than those of a religious, moral, or academic nature. I recall a letter I received from a principal in Alabama advising me of my appointment as an instructor in his school. The letter closed with this paragraph:

> But let me tell you right now that you would not be a success at this school if you are not a fighter. If you would hesitate to toss an unruly boy out of the window or cowhide him into submission this is no place for you. That was the trouble with the last man I had. He could not fight and was always calling on me to do his fighting for him. I want a man who can do his own fighting and is ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

After drawing some unpleasant comparisons between one hundred and fifty dollars a month and the earnings of a "fighter," I declined his generous offer and I suggested that in the future when he had need of teachers he communicate with Tex Rickard.

A school in Missouri wanted me to sign a resignation with a contract. The resignation was to be effective together with the forfeiture of all salary that might be due me if I should smoke a cigarette, pipe, or cigar at any time, in any place during the period my contract was to run. I did not sign. A girl of my acquaintance went out to Montana a few years ago after signing a similar contract except that the prohibition was against dancing on school nights. After the first of the year there was no money in the county treasury. She was paid in driblets until the end of May. When she applied for the remainder of her wages, she was presented with evidence showing that she had been seen at a dance one night in March and consequently no further money was owed her.

The end is not yet. A woman received a contract from a small village along the seacoast of North Carolina. It contained the usual stipulations in regard to certification, boarding at the dormitory, sacrificing pay while unable to work, and in addition the following clauses:

> I promise to take a vital interest in all phases of Sunday-school work, donating of my time, service, and money without stint for the uplift and benefit of the community.
>
> I promise to abstain from all dancing, immodest dressing, and any other conduct unbecoming a teacher and a lady.
>
> I promise not to go out with any young men except in so far as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.
>
> I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married.
>
> I promise to remain in the dormitory or on the school grounds when not actively engaged in school or church work elsewhere.
>
> I promise not to encourage or tolerate the least familiarity on the part of any of my boy pupils.
>
> I promise to sleep at least eight hours a night, to eat carefully, and to take every precaution to keep in the best of health and spirits in order that I may be better able to render efficient service to my pupils.
>
> I promise to remember that I owe a duty to the townspeople who are paying me my wages, that I owe respect to the school board and the superintendent that hired me, and that I shall consider myself at all times the willing servant of the school board and the townspeople and that I shall cooperate with them to the limit of my ability in any movement aimed at the betterment of the town, the pupils, or the schools.

This, remember, for a job paying eighty-five dollars a month for seven and a half months in a little town of three or four hundred persons, located in the mosquito and fever district of North Carolina, where half the inhabitants cannot read or write.

This is the most restrictive contract I have ever seen, but anyone who is familiar with the conditions of restraint under which the average teacher works and with the attitude of the community toward the teacher cannot help admiring its frankness. There are hundreds of places where every provision mentioned in that contract is enforced. A teacher may not be required in writing to teach Sunday school, but the teacher who fails to do so will not be reelected. A teacher may not have to promise not to fall in love but if she does she had better marry as soon as possible, for in nine cases out of ten she will find herself out of a job the next year. A teacher may not have to sign a pledge to sleep at least eight hours a night, but the teacher who wants his job will not keep a light going long after curfew.

Everywhere it is the same. The mails, the fire department, the police department, almost any other division of public service is relatively immune from prying supervision. Not so the schools. There is no reform too ridiculous to find favor and support in the schools. Twenty years ago the prohibitionists began to make it impossible for any man who did not abhor the word rum to get or hold a job in our public-school system. Today the anti-tobacco leagues are making it increasingly difficult for any man who smokes to get work outside the large cities. In fully half the school districts of the country the churchmen completely dominate the teachers. Some States will not grant a teacher a certificate, no matter what his academic qualifications, unless he presents an affidavit from some minister showing that he is a good church member.

There are, of course, other reasons besides moral ones for the continual shifting of teachers. Teachers become tired of towns and want to change. Towns become tired of teachers and want new blood. There is more bossing and bickering among school-teachers than among any other class of workers. The principal and supervisor are always interfering with the teacher, the superintendent and school board interfering with the principal and supervisor, and the parent-teachers' associations with all of them. The boarding-houses take advantage of the teacher because, in most cases, the teacher has no other place to go. The administrative officers are much more tyrannical than in any other occupation. They know that the teacher will not quit in the middle of the term; to do so means not merely quitting a job but quitting the profession entirely. The teacher who does not work to get a good recommendation from his present employer has small chance of a new job in the fall. The teacher keeps his grievances to himself, knowing that in a few months' time he can leave town and need never come back. He eats the humble pie that is placed before him, smiles, and placates the powers that be. Next spring he will go job-hunting and next fall, if his references are first-class, he will have a new job.

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England's Middle Class—Dead or Alive?

By HAROLD BUTCHER

"THE middle class is damned," said an English business man the other day. He spoke gloomily but without bitterness. "We are crushed between the 'upper ten' and the organized workers. I can see no future for us."

When Bernard Shaw began tilting at middle-class morality the older middle class of today was young. The middle-class heart was beating sound and true; the middle-class brain was doing good business; the middle-class home was unthreatened by movies and jazz; and the good middle-class Liberal Party was a power in the land.

Today what has happened? The older middle-class homes have brought forth sons and daughters who spurn the religion, morality, politics, and manners of the fathers and mothers who ushered them, correctly and carefully, into the middle-class world. The earnest members—the "sheep"—of this new generation are the life of the Nonconformist churches—the middle-class religious stronghold—but they no longer worship a middle-class God. They call themselves Christian Socialists; they do not bother about theological abstractions but are fiercely sincere about Christ's social gospel. And in politics they vote Labor. The few youngsters who stray into the meetings of the Liberal Party look quite pathetic in their loneliness.

The "goats" of this younger middle-class generation are in a sorry pickle. They have rejected middle-class morality but few of them cut loose from the solid maxims of their sheltered youth without suffering more from conscience than the adventure is worth. They no longer go to "chapel," of course, but they find no attraction in a "life of sin." Despite the chances for unmarried sexual experience in a country where there are practically two million more women than men, one can count on most of the younger middle class to avoid free love and its consequences. They become mildly cynical concerning the religion, morality, politics, and the conventional life of their parents, but they content themselves with shoulder-shrugging indifference. And they, too, though they may be skeptical of results, vote Labor.

Economically, the damnation of the middle class began with the coming of the chain stores—the "company" shops, vast organizations with "no body to be kicked, no soul to be damned." From the point of view of the independent merchant the chain stores seduced his women customers by reducing prices and by giving all sorts of presents with the purchase of a package of tea or a pound of butter. The competition was killing. Some business men became bankrupts; others sold their businesses to the "accursed" companies and, bowing their independent necks, forgetting their sturdy initiative, became employees of the very companies that had ruined them—as managers, traveling salesmen, and the like. It was a bitter pill to swallow. Some people would call this progress; but, as a matter of fact, it meant the blotting out of solid men who, despite their narrow middle-class morality—or perhaps, because of it—were worth far more to a local community than a score of employees in a company shop ruled by an unseen board of directors, alien to the town and in no way interested in its welfare.

The war completed the economic break-up of the middle class. True, some traders became war profiteers and, with their quickly grasped fortunes, joined the ranks of the new rich. But most of the men and women of the middle class became the "new poor." Some joined the Middle Class Union to protect their interests; but with their essentially anti-union mentality it is not surprising that their meetings always appeared tragically humorous rather than serious. The cause of their predicament was the post-war trade depression through which they fought desperately to retain the incomes and social position that had been theirs. And, as though this were not bad enough, they found themselves saddled with crippling taxation to pay for a war that never had the slightest prospect of doing them any good. Talk to a middle-class man in England today, and he will tell you he is taxed out of all the little luxuries that made life worth living; he may ostensibly rejoice that he—brave man—had the courage to make a debt settlement with America, at a time when other European nations were still defaulters, but he fails to find America an entertaining topic for discussion.

Politically, the middle class has practically disappeared. While the younger generation has joined with Labor, many of the older men, embittered by the competition that has shattered them and by the internal dissensions and factional rivalries of the Liberal Party, seek in the Tory Party a bulwark against the disruptive forces of socialism and trade unionism.

But at this point enters irony. Just as the older middle class is dying a new one is appearing in the heart of the citadel where "class" is anathema. Today in the Labor Party are thousands who, as professional men and women and as former Liberals, are essentially middle class however energetically they may speak on Labor platforms, however consistently and honestly they may vote Labor at the polls. In their well-groomed and unostentatious appearance, in the homes they rent and buy, in their recreations, in their whole make-up they are bourgeois rather than proletarian.

Not long since the Liberal Party, energetic and alive, seemed a permanent and powerful political institution. Today it is dead, never to rise from the cold ashes of its spent fires, no matter what party chests may be accumulated and spent. Similarly, the Labor Party of today, united by a common program, hot with the thrill of a winning battle, appears to be safe from any conceivable disruption. But history will repeat itself. As long as the British Parliament lasts it is probable there will be three parties—a Conservative or Tory Party; a Labor or Socialist or Communist Party; and a Conservative-Liberal Party or Liberal-Labor Party, which will represent the forces that are gently but definitely passing from revolution to reaction. It is safe to predict that, ten or fifteen years from now, many thousand present Labor Party members will be, socially and politically, essentially where the Liberals were in the heyday of their power.

The middle class is dead! Long live the middle class!

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Democracy in the Making at Manumit School

By NELLIE M. SEEDS

A BRISK wintry morning at Manumit. The snow on the hillsides and in the valley sparkles in the January sunrise. Such weather begets keen appetites, and Manumit children are abnormally healthy in this respect. But a bitter disappointment awaited the earliest comers on this Wednesday morning of January, and the news was soon communicated to the later arrivals.

"No breakfast."

"Why?"

"Annetta refuses to cook it. She says the supper squad would not wash dishes last night."

"But somebody washed them. They're all clean."

"Yes, Marjory and Sally did them. But they were not supposed to. Stan went on strike because he says he's been on supper dishes too long. He gave notice four days ago that he was going to quit today, but Annetta didn't pay any attention to him. So he struck last night. Then Joe and the rest said they wouldn't wash up if he didn't, and the whole squad quit."

But last night was ancient history. Morning had come, and, strike or no strike, breakfast had to be secured somehow. What could be done about it?

"Let's call a community meeting!"

It was obviously the only thing to be done. Five of the children presented an immediate petition, and the meeting was called to order. Sally moved that Stan be asked to present his point of view, and give his reasons for going on strike. But the motion was lost. The pressing immediate demand was breakfast. John demanded to know why breakfast was not ready. The dishes had been washed. The food was cooked. The last time there had been difficulty with supper dishes there was no delay in breakfast. Why all this fuss?

Annetta was called upon to explain herself. Her declaration was simple. It was her interpretation of the community ruling that dishes must be washed by the squad assigned. Otherwise they were not officially done.

Loud and pronounced objections! There was evidently considerable difference of opinion on the matter. Bill moved that the community rules on the subject be read. But the secretary was unable to produce any record of legislation on the question. Some one had apparently mislaid a goodly portion of the minutes. The point was stressed that unless the chairman in charge of inside work herself secured the volunteers when people balked, community responsibility did not amount to much.

The community was becoming hungrier and hungrier. Principles might be principles. But an empty stomach is a stark reality. Sally requested that any one be permitted to do the work. Florence offered an amendment that any one asked by the chairman of the Inside Works Committee be allowed to do it.

In vain did the constitutionalists urge that the only effective method of discipline was to make the whole community suffer when one individual failed in his work. The community was in no mood to listen to broad general principles. Their average age is not over thirteen, and adolescence is always hungry. They were following constitutional procedure. But they did want breakfast. Florence made a substitute motion that meals be served whenever and however the dishes were done. Hope was looming for the hungry ones. A general discussion, and the motion was adopted, with the declaration that the holding up of breakfast was out of order.

Cheers from the hungriest. Protests from the constitutionalists. Arguments and explanations echoing from children and faculty alike. The babel of voices continued until Douglas, the youngest and probably the most immature member of the community, quietly rose to his feet.

"Since we've done the business we called this meeting for, I move we adjourn and have breakfast."

The motion was unanimously carried.

Democracy? Yes, in the making. Illogical, perhaps. Shortsighted, undoubtedly. They dodged the main issue of reconciling their practice with their principles. But they did follow parliamentary procedure. They discussed the question in orderly fashion for over an hour. They did wait for breakfast until a majority vote declared it legal. Could much more be expected from children?

Sometimes, when the exigency is not so pressing, their devotion to the principle of pure reason is more pronounced. But the above is a pretty fair sample of the way in which Manumit administers its every-day life, and solves its community problems.

Thirty-eight children from nine to seventeen years of age, six group teachers, the arts-and-crafts teacher and the music teacher, the farm superintendent with his two assistants, the domestic science teacher with her assistant, a superintendent of buildings, and a trained nurse constitute the community group. The rule of procedure is simple. One person, one vote. Jurisdiction over all community questions, save those involving health, safety, and educational procedure. Freedom of discussion irrespective of age or position. Absolute equality of every member of the group.

Manumit does not claim to produce a finished product. Mistakes are many and sometimes involve serious consequences. But experience is the best of teachers. Our children display qualities of initiative, resourcefulness, and ability to handle themselves that are quite astonishing. They are making progress in learning to merge their individual desires and wishes into the needs and emergencies of the community. The most venial sin at Manumit is failure to cooperate.

Thus education at Manumit School is something quite different from the humdrum lessons of the ordinary school. It is life, full, free, and rich with the possibilities offered by a 177-acre farm, well-stocked with cattle, a tumbling mountain trout stream offering opportunities for swimming and boating, hillsides for climbing, coasting, and skiing, dams to be built, ice to be cut, cows to be milked, fields to be plowed—in short, an endless variety of occupations.

The unique opportunities of Manumit, however, are not provided for the usual hand-picked private-school group who can afford to pay a high tuition fee, but for the children of organized labor. At a minimum fee of $1 per day, trade unionists can secure for their own children all that

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Manumit has to offer. Over thirty local trade unions, central bodies, and State federations have indorsed Manumit officially. Over a dozen trade-union officials of national importance have commended it.

But Manumit hopes to do more than educate its forty or fifty children. It hopes to serve as a laboratory or demonstration school of the labor movement, where creative activity can be tried out in an environment that furnishes fundamental life processes rather than artificially devised schemes as project material, and where it can be applied to a typical group of public-school children. The leaven which Manumit plants in these children has an immeasurable potential power. By arousing public opinion through its own demonstration school, organized labor can exercise an influence of incalculable importance in modifying and revivifying the public-school system.

Ask Somebody These

By STUART CHASE

1. How did life begin in a world in which there was no life?

2. Is the life process an automatic mechanism forever impossible of conscious direction and control?

3. What equipment of instincts are we born with, and how far does environment modify them?

4. Does instinct outweigh environment in future behavior?

5. What, if anything, is the creative instinct?

6. Is work really agreeable, or would most of us loaf if we could?

7. Is the individual ego the eternal destroyer of all attempts to build a genuinely civilized community?

8. What are the limits within which behavior may be changed without inviting biological decay?

9. In a given individual, does the mass of the characteristics he has in common with the rest of mankind outweigh the mass of the characteristics unique to his own personality?

10. Is it permissible to talk about mankind, or only men?

11. Is a nation anything more than a geographical expression?

12. Is war a biological imperative; and if so, are there any available substitutes with an equal kick and less destruction?

13. Is the ideal of the brotherhood of man a biological delusion?

14. What are the biological effects of the machine age?

15. What are the biological effects of modern urban life?

16. Is political democracy a failure? Has it ever been honestly tried?

17. Do we use our reason only to support our prejudices?

18. Why is mankind so persistently religious; is it due to the desire to escape from the intolerable restrictions of reality, or to a genuine instinctive need?

19. What do right and wrong mean beyond the sanctions of the current mores?

20. Is it possible to learn from history and to project the curve into the future? What, precisely, does history teach?

21. What is the limit of effective political administration; is it a village, a city, a state, a continent, or the whole world?

22. What is the relation of the mores to formal law, as exemplified, say, by prohibition?

23. Are there any valid racial differences beyond the superficial bodily ones?

24. Is there any solution to the Negro problem in the United States short of geographical separation?

25. Is the net difference between man and woman any greater than the difference between the male and female of other mammals—manifestly a slight one in the sum total of behavior?

26. Is monogamy an instinct; if not, does its practice violate other instincts?

27. Is continence biologically harmful?

28. Does sexual stimulation flow more from artful concealment or from stark nudity?

29. Are modern communities over- or under-sexed?

30. Define a successful marriage.

31. How much of the "new education" is talk, and how much results in a genuine effect on the child? Granting there is an effect, is it good?

32. What is the proper scope of discipline in education?

33. Do we grow stronger through hardship? If so, why aren't the poor stronger?

34. What does equality of opportunity mean; has it any meaning at all beyond Shaw's definition of equality of income?

35. From the standpoint of securing the maximum joy out of life, is the intellect a curse?

36. Is capitalism thwarting the demands of normal human nature? What is capitalism?

37. Under the price system, is the struggle for higher wages and shorter hours a vicious circle?

38. Of the population of America between eighteen and sixty years of age, how many do work useful to themselves or to anybody else?

39. Does it cost more on the average to sell commodities than it does to make them? How fast is the selling ratio increasing, and is there a point at which the whole structure will collapse from overweight?

40. What has been the net effect of advertising on judgment, honesty, and intelligence in the last generation?

41. Is standardization an unmixed evil?

42. Of the total physical wealth in the United States today, how much stands legally in the hands of users, and how much in the hands of absentee owners?

43. Why is it that labor-saving devices so seldom save the wayfaring man labor?

44. Is Henry Ford the prophet of an industrial heaven or an industrial hell?

45. Has the science of medicine proved of any net benefit to mankind to date?

46. How far are narcotics, opiates, and stimulants a human necessity?

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47. What are the limits of mental healing?

48. What American contributions to world culture will be remembered—gratefully—one hundred years from today?

49. What has been the net effect of the movies on civilization?

50. Is the human mind too clumsy an instrument ever to penetrate the nature of truth?

In the Driftway

SCENE: The platform of the Times Square station of the Interborough subway, New York City. Time: 11 p. m. recently. Dramatis personae: A lady, five policemen, three hospital employees, two Interborough men, a fairly Good Samaritan, the Drifter, and several bystanders. Out of the corner of his eye the Drifter saw the lady fall to the platform and turned to help her up. The fairly Good Samaritan assisted. As they raised the lady—no featherweight—to her feet they sensed her trouble. The lady was —Yes, gentle reader, you've guessed it; that's what the lady was, improbable as it may seem in the reign of Andrew Volstead. She didn't look as if she was accustomed to getting that way. She was some fifty years of age, neatly though simply dressed, with a good face and iron-gray hair. She wore a wedding ring.

* * * * *

"THAT'S prohibition for you," sneered the Drifter, knowing that in the Great City no other remark so quickly makes all men kin. "Yes," responded the fairly Good Samaritan, brightening, "she's been to a party and got some poisoned hooch. You can't trust any of the stuff nowadays. She's pickled." After considerable effort the Drifter ascertained that the lady wanted to go to Brooklyn —to the last station on the Flatbush Avenue line. "Fine," said the Drifter. "That's a long way. We'll put her on a train and most likely she'll be all right when she reaches her station. Anyhow she can't be carried past it." But the lady didn't want to be put on a train. She resisted all persuasion. Finally the Drifter and the fairly Good Samaritan hauled the lady into a car and dropped her upon a seat. But, to their disappointment, she didn't pirk up. Instead she lolled her head on the Drifter's shoulder and fell asleep. "You're some ladykiller," remarked the fairly Good Samaritan, concealing his jealousy with admirable restraint. The other passengers grinned appreciatively.

* * * * *

WHEN the train drew into the Borough Hall station in Brooklyn the Drifter resolved upon stern measures. "She can never get home like this," the Drifter said. "Let's get her out here, and if she doesn't wake up and act better we'll have to call a cop." Out on the platform the Drifter guided the lady to a bench, upon which she slumped heavily. But when the Drifter looked up the fairly Good Samaritan was not to be seen. He had adroitly stepped back aboard the train. The Drifter went to the street for a policeman. He told his story to one who after hearing it pointed over his shoulder to another officer and advised: "Talk to that guy there." The Drifter did so and "that guy there" followed him into the subway. The Interborough station agent came too. A happy ending seemed to impend. An incident like this, reflected the Drifter, was common in the Great City; there must be regular machinery to take care of it; the policeman would know what to do. Although it was after midnight, the Drifter decided to stay and see the machinery of the Great City at work. The policeman talked with the station agent and the Drifter for a while, then disappeared. In his place, presently, came another policeman. This officer talked with the station agent, the Drifter, and a platform man of the Interborough who had arrived to swell the crowd. Incidentally, this policeman got—approximately —the lady's name and address. Then he, too, disappeared—to call an ambulance, he said. Two other policemen arrived. We all talked. Then down the platform came a white-clad, bare-headed ambulance surgeon and an orderly with a cap marked "Long Island College Hospital." The lady had now enlisted the attention of five policemen, two hospital employees, two Interborough men, one fairly Good Samaritan, one Drifter, and several bystanders. Surely something was going to happen. Something did—we talked some more. The ambulance surgeon said his hospital didn't receive cases of intoxication. "The only place in Brooklyn that does is the Kings County Hospital, and I don't want to take her that far." The policemen didn't want to take her to the station because they would have to make a charge against the lady, and she didn't seem to be guilty of anything but drowsiness. "Why not take her home?" the Drifter suggested to the ambulance surgeon. The doctor shook his head. "That's further than the Kings County Hospital."

* * * * *

"WE can't wait here all night," said one of the policemen finally, and seizing the lady the two officers half dragged, half carried her to the street. The ambulance came clanging toward them. We talked some more. The lady was put inside and the door closed. Then we talked again. "You'd rather she went to the station, would you, Doc?" asked one of the police. "That's what I've been telling you all along," said Doc. So, because it was nearest, the lady went there. The Drifter went home. He had seen the machinery of the Great City at work.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On Second Terms

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether you believe that a third term tends dangerously toward monarchy depends on your presuppositions. There is another argument, based on actual experience, which has been published but not attended to; it ought to be published over and over till it becomes part of the familiar view of the case.

No President since Andrew Jackson has gone through two full terms and done as well in his second as he did in his first. The reason is obvious: the United States has grown so big that the job of presiding over it is overwork, and a man who has been through four years of that and two campaigns for election is too fatigued to be competent to do his best at four years more of it.

When a President runs for a second term we ought to count on it as a certainty that his second administration will have more of faults and less of merits than his first had. We cannot assume that expert care of his health and strength will carry him through. Roosevelt and Wilson cared for themselves as competently as any President can, and neither of them handled his office as well in the second term as in the first.

If the Coolidge of 1927 is having more fault found with him

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than the Coolidge of 1925, is it not partly because Coolidge, despite the refreshment of the electric horse, has been growing wearied and brings to his work in 1927 less ability than he brought in 1925?

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 29 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Nin-Che-Go-Fan-Liao-Ma?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not *"Gesegnete Mahlzeit!"* but just *"Mahlzeit!"* (*"gesegnete"* understood) is the greeting here in Germany. And "Velkommen til bords" and "Tak for maten" of the Scandinavians is not an equivalent any more than is the French "Bon appetit" or the Spanish "Buen provecho" or the Russian "Na zdorovya" or the Polish "Niech pan bog segnasz" or the Eskimo "Ko-wa-chuk-unga." These expressions are, like our variations of Burns's ". . . but we hae meat, and we can eat, and sae the Lord be thankit," all normally used only *at the table;* whereas the German *Mahlzeit!* may be heard in the office, on the street, anywhere. Nearest to this *Begrüssungswort* is indeed the Chinese "Nin-che-go-fan-liao-ma?", which is appropriate in the middle of the day. But that inquiry, "Have you eaten rice?" is more like our similarly inquisitive "How do you do?" It is not the equivalent of this cheery mealtime greeting—*Mahlzeit!*

Hamburg, Germany, April 30 E. J. WARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Ward's letter in your issue of March 9 the following may interest your readers: A newly arrived American in Germany sat in a restaurant opposite a German. At the end of the dinner the German got up, clicked his heels, bowed at a right angle, and said to the American: *"Mahlzeit!"* The latter quickly replied, "And my name is Johnson."

Vienna, Austria, May 5 JULES POLLINGER

That Foreman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You caused me great grief by explaining that last prize poem of yours. For the first time I thought I had been able to find a meaning in one of *The Nation's* prize poems. I was quite thrilled by the achievement. I was sure that the author was identifying a steel building with the ancient oaks of Britain, and that the "foreman" was one of the Druid priests. But now it seems the poet meant something else, and what he meant has no meaning to me. Your prize poems are a good joke, but when are you going to "own up"?

Pasadena, May 4 UPTON SINCLAIR

The Really Oppressed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find it impossible to comprehend why you and your people concentrate all your attention on the laborer (with occasional sugar pills for the Negro) while the "white-collar" man, i.e., the one who writes your articles and reads them, is out of luck. The average daily paper expects us to be interested in murders and coming-out parties, while you expect us to worry about the English miner's problem! Do you blame me if I admit that in both instances I feel like Hamlet: "What's Hecuba to me?" If the other papers indulge in unimportant and mostly filthy gossip, must you go back on us and devote your time and every bit of space to the workers? Far be it from me to underrate their importance, but could you not make it a fifty-fifty proposition at least? The laboring class is protected by unions and organizations, while the brain worker is like an outlaw, with no one to turn to. The brain worker who, through his inventions, discoveries, technical ability, gives work to the laborer and gold to Wall Street, gets nothing in return. He is used as a convenient "buffer" by both. The laborer and his family have a hard life—miserable lodgings, bad air, poor food. Yet, compared to the brain worker, he plays the part of the man born blind, while the other one represents the man who lost his eyesight in later years. Whose fate is more pitiful?

New York, April 5 CLARA HORVATH

The Case of Charles Cline

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On September 13, 1913, the door of a Texas State prison closed upon Charles Cline, a member of the I. W. W. He was convicted of participating in the murder of one of the Sheriff's posse of Dimmit County, while en route to Mexico to help in a revolutionary movement against the Diaz Government. Despite the continuous efforts of persons and organizations convinced of the innocence of Charles Cline, the prison door remained closed until, on August 19, 1926, Miriam Ferguson, Governor of Texas, signed an unconditional pardon for him.

Charles Cline is a radical. As a radical he is still concerned about the things that workers are struggling for the world over and is still capable of doing his part in the struggle.

The League for Mutual Aid is anxious to help Charles Cline over the period during which he will have to make his readjustment with the world he has been out of for thirteen years. To that end we are asking you to contribute to a fund for him. Please send all you can spare, in care of the League for Mutual Aid, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, May 9 ADELAIDE SCHULKIND,
Executive Secretary

Influencing American Policy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent reports from London indicate that the British Government has joined Washington in its refusal to participate in further action relative to the "Nanking outrages" of March 24.

I congratulate you. For it was *The Nation* that succeeded in bringing about, by courageous criticism directed at a policy which was destined to undo all the good work done by former American governments, a revision of our Government's policy in China. The United States, to the regret of every true American, united with the British in the bombardment of Nanking, but the storm of criticism that resulted forced the Administration to alter its procedure. The strict adherence of the United States to its new course, together with the lukewarm attitude of Japan, has brought Great Britain into line. Thus you have, indirectly, averted a clash between the East and West.

Chicago, May 11 WALTER KRAMER

Protecting American Lives in Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can anyone tell me why warships and regiments are rushed to China, where one American was killed; and yet, in our own country, where Americans are killed by tens of thousands and wounded by the half million, every year, by speeding automobiles, our Government does nothing effective to protect us from mutilation and death? I have a right to make this inquiry, because I myself was knocked down three times by automobiles on the streets of Chicago in less than a year.

Colorado Springs, May 1 BERTRAND SHADWELL

See SUMMER PROBLEMS on Page 622

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Books and Plays

Escape into the Night

By EDWARD SAPIR

"Let every star that falls
Down the night of Time
Be candle for my sight,
Be christened for my name."

So they who, when the sun
Wheels up and burns away,
Lose themselves upon
The highroad of the day,

But in the safer dark
Of stars that overhang
Dry every tear that wells
And quiet every pang.

Shelley in Action

Shelley, His Life and Work. By W. E. Peck. Small, Maynard and Company. Two volumes. $40.

THIS kind of biography has been badly needed. Previous writers have tried to entrap the elusive Shelley in some theory or other—from which he always escapes—or to follow up some single trackway of his life. Mr. Peck has simply stalked the creature, stalked him in all his haunts with immense [illegible]r and unfailing sympathy, and gives us now a moving picture of him. In general the story is animated as well as accurate; and for the most part it is interesting. The author's style is vivacious, rather slapdash, and occasionally jumbled. It is therefore truer to the Shelleyan spirit than the careful professorial periods of Dowden and others. One feels this particularly in the opening chapters, where just the right touch is applied to Shelley's childhood, with its healthy waywardness and its abnormal sentimentality: "A predisposition to the lachrymose," says the author, "was part and parcel of Shelley's spiritual nature." The book is episodic and packed with quotations. But these seem to me well chosen and woven together. Familiar material is excerpted so briefly and is so well blended with the fresh matter which Mr. Peck has drawn from the Pforzeimer collection in New York, the Huntington Library in California, Mary Shelley's novels, and so on, that we have a constant sense of forward movement in the picture. In general he shows us Shelley in action.

This is the way the biography of Shelley is bound to go. In Dowden's book Shelley was an English gentleman of genius whose conduct, from the standpoint of domestic morality, must now and then be regarded as exceedingly ill-advised. In the present work Shelley is revered as a wonderful poet but frankly displayed as very much of a "will-o'-the-wisp" (Mr. Peck's own word) among men. Herein resides a certain paradox that is characteristic of our age. In the future, when human and artistic standards shall have approached each other again, and when Shelley's life will be interesting mainly in illustration of his best verse, it is likely that Shelley the man and Shelley the poet will undergo a single plain judgment: extraordinarily fascinating, extraordinarily shallow. His shallowness of personality was the complement of his magical nature-poetry: like those forest pools that so delighted him for their reflection of all the tracery and movement of the upper air.

His thinking was shallow, eager, and imitative—like that of the college youth of today who swallows Nietzsche whole and has a sense of large originality in his neighborhood. Mr. Peck's numerous citations of the sources of Shelley's ideas confirm Professor Gingerich's finding, in his recent book on the romantic poets, that Shelley never got his head above the doctrines of eighteenth-century thinkers, from Locke to Godwin. In his poetry the materialistic metaphysic persisting from the previous century was raised and beautified by lyric art without changing its essential quality; as the dust of the earth lifted and diffused by the wind, provides the colors of our most superb sunsets. His mind was not philosophic, as he fancied but oratorical. Mr. Peck dwells upon his gift of speech and his early efforts as an orator. One may agree with Trelawny that "however great Shelley was as a poet, he was greater as an orator." All his life he orated, drawing materials from his incessant reading. He would read and talk himself tired and then suddenly fall asleep, and presently awake to talk and read again. Shelley did not weigh and consider. He was abnormally devoid of meditation. And, as Mr. Peck points out he could never have endured the seclusion which he often yearned for.

Constitutionally he needed people. I think it was this need even more than his devotion to "the principles of benevolence and reason," that made him the center of such a curious network of dependencies. Mr. Peck recounts in convincing detail the tragi-comic story of his expenditures of time and money and effort and sympathy upon his acquaintances. If these flies, and particularly that fat fly William Godwin, loved to be caught in the shimmering web of his benevolence, we must remember that the kindly spider himself drew from the game a certain vital sustenance. His nature craved continual not profound relationships with persons. He was not [illegible] Cordium, and Mr. Peck gently omits that legendary view of him. He was a friendly will-o'-the-wisp, dependent on human companionship but devoid of any real passion for human personality. His love for women was an electric friendliness that would never have seemed very passionate if it had not been abnormally uncontrolled. It was a sort of erotic congeniality diluted with priggish theorizing.

The whole subject of his transition from Harriet to Mary Godwin is dealt with very effectually by Mr. Peck. After dismantling the flimsy charges against the former, he remarks "If Harriet *was* at any time unfaithful to her marriage bond is anything else established than that a simple, honest girl, who by all accounts was as good as she was fair, eloped with married, and bore children to a man who corrupted her morals with Godwinian poison and, afterwards deserting her, set her adrift in an evil world to follow his own teachings and his own example? Certainly there can be no exoneration for *him* in any act of *hers*." Mr. Peck confesses himself nonplussed by the coldness of Shelley's references to Harriet after her death. But surely the definitive exposal of his shallowheartedness is his attitude toward Mary during the last years of his life. He was now mature; she was his avowed mate in mind and spirit; and she had suffered very much for him and with him. But he became more and more unfaithful to her, as this book demonstrates. He yearned away from her and expressed to others his sense of her cold limitations—just as he had done in the case of Harriet. The emotions as well as the thoughts of this man revolved and repeated themselves without finding any human goal; like the circulations of wind stream, and cloud in his poetry.

But he had a vague yearning to break through the shallow round of his nature—like a naiad who doesn't understand what a human person is but moans because she isn't one. This yearning is the most human and poignant thing in Shelley's life and poetry. A confused self-despair loomed up more and more behind his priggishness, his humble vanity, his dissatisfaction with others. Mr. Peck cites Browning's opinion that if Shelley had lived he would have become a Christian. One

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nay reject this possibility without denying that Browning's emark was a keen intuition into a kindred poet. Half of Shelley, at the least, was a born institutionalist—like his father, Timothy, or, if you will, like Nature herself. He was convinced of the vast importance, for good or ill, of wholesale ystems. Even in the midst of composing "Prometheus Unound" he could say: "I consider poetry very subordinate to noral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter; for I can conceive a great work, mbodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the ontending creeds by which mankind have been ruled." As a oet, however, he needed a systematic creed that would give im some image of the inmost meaning of human personality, ts mingled dust and deity. In the thirteenth century he would ave been a distinguished monk—predominantly celibate, keenly nterested in contemporary fine arts, enthusiastic about the nost recent theories in theological cosmography, and intensely evoted to the cult of the Blessed Virgin. As it was, he was ragically unfortunate. He was dismissed from Oxford in his econd year; of which event Dowden saw the significance more ully than Mr. Peck. Thereupon he was lured into a stultifying onfusion of his sensuous and his ideal impulses. In his early vanderings he missed contact with two men who could have uided him, Wordsworth and Coleridge. He needed a gifted nd penetrating friend—and he got Byron. He needed a god nd he got Godwin.

G. R. ELLIOTT

Mr. Churchill Sees It Through

World Crisis, 1916-1918. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $10.

NO account of the conduct of the World War, as distinct from its origins, has been so provocative as the series of chronicles which Winston Churchill completes in this last instalment. As we read in the English press the protests of distinguished enerals and admirals against his version of one incident or nother, we are reminded of the Schley-Sampson controversy hat flamed up intermittently in the American papers early in he century. It may be that from the debates of the experts here will ultimately emerge some generally accepted account f what really happened which will differ, here and there, from Mr. Churchill's. But his critics will have to find a second Churchill on their own side before they will be able to dislodge rom the layman's mind the impression left by this book—some vriter who is his equal in those rare gifts that make his narrative one of the most vivid and fascinating contributions to the English literature of our own time.

Mr. Churchill is one of the few living authors who can deal vith great events in the grand manner, and who can do so without making us feel that he is straining after effect. He strikes sort of epical keynote in his very preface, where he tells us hat he has "tried to find and follow the stepping-stones of Fate." Even though we know the denouement beforehand, we ead with almost breathless interest his story of the Jutland attle and of some of the principal struggles of the land warare. The compiler of an anthology of eloquent passages—assages whose telling simplicity is marred by no turgid rhetoric might profitably convey from these volumes his brief comment on the death of Kitchener or his description of a bombardment of which he was himself a spectator and auditor. He is master of graphic metaphor and simile. In his account of his bombardment, for instance, he writes: "And then, exactly s a pianist runs his hands across the keyboard from treble to ass, there rose in less than one minute the most tremendous annonade I shall ever hear." He brings home to us the tenacity f the commander against whom this barrage was directed by emarking: "The impression I had of Tudor was of an iron eg hammered into the frozen ground, immovable." The book s inspired from first to last by an abounding vitality. One feels that Mr. Churchill, while writing every page, was living the past event over again. He recaptures, and communicates to the reader, the authentic thrill of the dramatic moment.

But the outstanding value of the book consists in the store of material it provides for the preacher of pacifism. Ten dollars is a prohibitive price for a tract; otherwise one might urge the peace societies to give these volumes a nation-wide circulation. (If there were only a Carnegie Endowment for the Prevention of War!) Mere extracts would not serve. It is the cumulative effect of this narrative, written as it is by a man whose heart leaps up when he hears the clash of arms, that makes a dint upon the reason and the imagination. No sensible reader of this book will henceforth believe a word that is told him by either political or military authorities while a war is on. How our leaders will lie to us to keep our martial spirits up is revealed here by the disclosures now made of the appalling casualties suffered by the French early in the war, of the concealment by the censorship of the full extent of a catastrophe which involved "the greatest loss and slaughter sustained in a single day in the whole history of the British army," of the wholesale mutinies in the French army after Nivelle's failure, and of the depredations of the U-boats, so successful that, during one month, of every four merchant ships leaving the British Isles one never returned. We are reminded of another phase of mendacious propaganda when Mr. Churchill declares point blank that the Crown Prince was harshly judged—that he was neither fop nor tyrant, that no group of German armies was more consistently successful than his, and that his personal influence was often thrown into the right side of the scales.

Most striking of all is Mr. Churchill's exposure of the stupidity of the "brass hats" on both sides. It justifies up to the hilt H. G. Wells's contempt for the military mind. That damning line from Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade—"Someone had blundered"—might have been used as an appropriate quotation to head chapter after chapter. Nothing could be more scathing than the quiet irony with which Mr. Churchill sometimes impeaches an incompetence that doomed thousands of men to death or torture; as when, after quoting Haig's description of the elaborate German defenses at the Somme, which, in that general's own words, "formed one composite system of enormous depth and strength," he dryly comments: "All these conditions clearly indicated to the Staffs a suitable field for our offensive." If the history of the war, on its political side, illustrates anew with how little wisdom the world is governed, Mr. Churchill's accounts of the operations in the field make it clear that credulity reaches its highest mark when the nations place their fortunes and the lives of their sons at the disposal of their military leaders.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Escape of a Family

The Allinghams. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MAY SINCLAIR'S predilection for taking her characters from the cradle to maturity, if not the grave, and her fondness for watching them approach the bright edge of madness alike find scope in this new novel.

There were six Allingham children, born with beauty and brains in a home of comfort and loving tyranny. Miss Sinclair sketches them with a few revealing strokes, as they sat about the tea-table with Father and Mother and Aunt Martha one bright afternoon of the midsummer holidays of 1893. Margaret, the eldest, was fifteen then, and Angela, the baby, was five. Between them, at two-year intervals, came Wilfred, Stephen, Mollie, and Robin.

Then in the brief lucid chapters which follow she flashes the picture as each child in turn begins to try his wings to escape the nest and embark on a life of his own. Before the story is ended they are all gone and the scene is beginning

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to shift to the third generation. The three boys married; Wilfred and Robin are farmers, Stephen a poet. Mollie, balked in her desire to become a musician, still found happiness in marriage. Little Angy could not find love and marriage together and took love. Only Margie was somehow not able to manage the perilous crossing from infancy to adulthood. Turned in on herself, she could see only the perverse circle of her own wishes and fears until these gradually engulfed her; when love did offer itself, the effort of transition was beyond her powers, and they had to take her away, bound and shrieking, in a maniacal frenzy.

It is this tragic failure of the parents and Margie which most deeply engages Miss Sinclair's attention, as the similar problem concerned her in "Mary Olivier" and "Harriet Frean." The other children are differentiated; they are credible, but somehow they seem conceived less as individuals than as patterns, or, scientifically speaking, "controls," to cast the story of Margie into sharper relief. "The Allinghams" belongs in the group of serious novels in which Miss Sinclair studies the emotional tragedies of individuals rather than in the witty stories of Wyck, but the compression which was needed to bring the course of a whole family into one short book robs it of the riches and the force of either of the two earlier novels of similar theme.

MARY ROSS

The Westernization of Turkey

Turkey. By Arnold J. Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood. The Modern World Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IT is doubtless a mistake for a young man to write a surpassingly good book. In "The Western Question in Greece and Turkey" Mr. Toynbee five years ago set a standard which makes it difficult to judge fairly the result of his odd-time collaboration with a less-gifted observer and writer. Without suggesting a closer analogy to the famous collaboration of Liddell and Scott (in which "that which is good is Scott and that which is Liddell is not"), we may note that the best part of the book on Turkey is that which elaborates the view advanced in the earlier book that "everything in contemporary Turkey which has life in itself . . . can be traced back to some Western stimulus and will be found to be a reaction against Western influence when not an emanation from it."

Another part of the new book in which the hand is doubtless Jacob's though the voice may sometimes be Esau's is the outline of the history of reform in the Ottoman Empire. Such reform, it is pointed out, has always been from the top, and the top has always been military. The social and political reforms attempted by the Young Turks in 1908, like those attempted by Mahmoud and Midhat in the nineteenth century, were doomed to failure partly by the character of the few leaders upon which they depended and partly by the non-homogeneous character of the empire. The non-Turkish portions of the empire, with the exception of Kurdistan, having been lost, and knowledge of Western institutions having been acquired by many civilians within the last two decades, the authors believe that there is better than an even chance that the drastic Westernizing reforms imposed by the enlightened despotism of President Mustapha Kemal will be permanent. In this connection the chapter entitled The Ideas of 1789 is valuable for the light it throws on a limited number of the personalities which, at this stage in Turkish history, are probably more important than what appear to be economic, political, or intellectual tendencies.

The last half of the book, which is devoted to The New Turkey, presents various aspects of contemporary Turkish life in cross-section. The chapters on Population, Agriculture, and Railways, Commerce, Industry, and Finance, and Social and Cultural Questions exhibit unfortunate affinities to the style of the year-book. The discussion of the change in the relations of Turkey and Islam, "the best single measure of that mental revolution which it is the main purpose of this book to record," is interesting in its characterization of the Turkish Nationalists' hostility to the Islamic connection, which the Nationalists consider "reactionary, unfashionable, and anti-national." There is an illuminating discussion of the Mosul question, the crux of which is said to be the contrast between the Turkish and British policy in regard to the Kurds.

The somewhat extensive account given of the international situation of Turkey is deficient in two important respects: it does not bring out the fact that under the settlement of Lausanne Allied nationals in Turkey still enjoy certain remnants of the former capitulatory privileges; and it does not indicate awareness of the guaranty of the League of Nations, under the same settlement, of certain fundamental rights in favor of the non-Turkish minorities remaining in Turkey.

On the whole the book succeeds in being, as required by the scheme of the Modern World Series, a balanced survey of the tendencies and forces which are shaping the new Turkey. Of these tendencies and forces it gives a more satisfactory account than is to be found anywhere else.

EDGAR TURLINGTON

The Magic Whole

Holism and Evolution. By J. C. Smuts. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE title of this book arouses suspicion. A new ism is hardly what intelligent readers seek, and a coined word to mean the tendency to form wholes rather fails to entice inquiring mind. But a book which offers us "the last word the relations of mind and body," a book that applies a principl of explanation to the whole range of evolutionary forms fro mechanical structures to human personality and Values with capital V, a book which not only defines this holistic concep tion but also describes genuine holistic creation, holistic fre dom, holism as the agent of structural changes, as an existe factor in, and as the general nature of, the whole universe such a book demands attention, especially when its author a famous man.

But the reading of it can hardly be said to bring th promised reward. Holism turns out to be only a magic wor which General Smuts substitutes for the mysteries he find unfathomable by the ordinary concepts of mechanism, vitalism naturalism, and the rest. If an animal "acts as a whole, wit a unity and effectiveness of action which is no mere mechani cal composition of its movements," the holistic concept is th only explanation; "the whole is the only category that wil explain" it. "Coordination and coadaptation in organic struc ture cannot be explained on any ground but holism." An so all the way up to personality, "a whole which in its uniqu synthetic processes continuously performs that greatest of al miracles, the creative transmutation of the lower into th higher in the holistic series."

When we look for something more specific than the state ment that unity is explained by wholeness, either we are tol that others are to carry out the theory to its full and illuminat ing possibilities or else we find holism betraying itself as a les careful and not quite modern version of familiar concepts such as the "emergence" of Alexander and Lloyd Morgan, the syste matic wholes or partial wholes of Bosanquet, mechanism itsel in its clear and familiar features, or teleology in its equally familiar if vague ones. Not that our author is a plagiarist o forgets his obligations; rather that in the naive sincerity o his good-will toward men, his complete faith in upward progres and his serene security of eventual victory in a "more stabl holistic human society," he has been so eager to impart thi precious idea—an idea that has fortified his own spirit, n doubt, but a contribution that is no more useful to science o

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hilosophy, and certainly no more original, than any of a hundred other optimistic faiths.

Lest this seem scant courtesy to a distinguished writer, let ne cite one or two passages. How in the name of behaviorism an it be said that psychology deals with the individual "only rom the purely mental point of view"? What is the basis for aying that philosophers have neglected the distinguishing feaure of personality as such? What of Bosanquet and his princile of individuality and value? What of the personalists, who ave gone so much further than General Smuts with this idea? r take the long, repetitious accounts of wholes as not quantiatively added entities, yet as a *more* in each case, a new exisent factor, absolutely and genuinely creators or creations. urely Lloyd Morgan, or almost any of the "evolutionary natralists" of our day, has avoided such obvious contradications f statement. They have at least seen the difficulties and dealt vith them, not answered with a supposedly new concept which or all its pretended concreteness and synthetic reality turns ut to be the merest abstract word.

To expound a holistic universe, holistic structure, holistic unctions and values, holistic self-realization, holistic personality eaves us with the same old problems of life and mind, struc-ure and function, personality and the universe on our hands—lus the new adjective. Thus, it only adds to our weariness n whatever theoretical well-doing we may be engaged upon, or we must interrupt ourselves long enough to direct our puny low toward dislodging this latest idol of the theater—or is it nerely of the market-place?

D. W. PRALL

The Free Child

he Problem Child. By A. S. Neill. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

FRANKLY heretical, the author believes "that if Christ could come to earth He would lead the Sunday scholars to the earest cinema." For the author's creed is merely to seek happiness, his attitude generous and tolerant, his book a delight because its essential wisdom is cloaked in the humility of one who as traveled long enough on the path of knowledge to realize hat the goal is never completely known.

Mr. Neill holds that it is impossible to educate the conscious mind of a child, and that only the unconscious can be ermanently taught. What to teach is the problem, for standrds of good and bad are relative, and human motives, whether ur own or other people's, are difficult to explain. He conceives he child as a dynamic urge impelled by a life force. Moral instruction is dangerous, since it merely strengthens unfulfilled vishes of an unsocial nature in the unconscious. He sees unmpaired egotism as the greatest force in social relations, since roup approbation is essential to it. He has faith in the doctrine of original virtue and in the deep urge for honesty with meself, and finds that stealing and lying are often manifestaions of the desire to get at truth. The desire for perfection is eal, too, and where we fail to attain it ourselves we are apt o try to foist it on others.

The whole idea of Mr. Neill's school is release, the living ut of the absorbing interest. Convinced that freedom destroys onflicts and makes men good, he puts as the chief necessity hat the child's unconscious life become conscious, that children e helped to know themselves and approve of their actions, ather than hide away and repress them. "The teacher's task s simple, to find out where a child's interest lies and to help im live it out." Punishment has no place here, for it terifies the conscious and leaves the unconscious untouched. bedience is a courtesy and can be gained by teaching children he natural consequences of their acts.

Mr. Neill divides his allegiance between Adler and Freud. Ie is certain that happy homes, with properly mated parents, end to create happy children, and in a free school love is an important element, and the sex wish a predominant factor. Side by side with the sex wish stalks the enemy, the power wish, in whose wake breed hatred, jealousy, and inferiority. The book carries conviction. I should like to have visited his German school when the Schulgemeinde carried a motion that he be "put out because he was useless"; when he had remained away three days the children voted to reinstate him.

REBECCA HOURWICH

Books in Brief

An Introduction to the Study of Education. By Ellwood P. Cubberley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A common-sense, comprehensive statement of what schools are today and why they are not something radically different. The title of the book is, perhaps, its chief defect, since it may prove forbidding to the average layman. True, the volume will serve as a text for the orientation of student teachers, but it will serve fully as well in giving the layman who does not intend to go into the schools, but insists upon his right to criticize and direct those who do, an authoritative bird's-eye view of the largest governmental undertaking of the American people—the maintenance of public schools.

How to Study in College. By Leal A. Headley. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

If during his preparatory schooling the student has not learned how to study, then the question is whether the college should become a sort of kindergarten and teach him the elementary process, or merely bounce him out into the cold, cruel world—a rejected freshman. The question is raised, but not answered by Mr. Headley's pretentious book. If the student has not learned most of the knowledge here outlined years before he enters college, then the college is to be censured for admitting him. How to keep fit physically and mentally; how to concentrate, understand, learn, and remember—these are proper subjects for the elementary school and the first year of high school. Such portions of the book as might legitimately be taught for the first time in college would make a pamphlet instead of a 417-page textbook. Much of this material does not belong in a college course any more than would instruction in washing the ears, brushing the teeth, and blowing the nose.

The Franciscans in England, 1224-1538. By Edward Hutton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A judicial survey of the record of the friars on English ground, their adventurous coming and settlement, their uncloistered piety and poverty, their rapid expansion in numbers and influence, their gradual corruption and decay, is preluded with a fervent offering of the author's labor, on the seventh centennial of St. Francis's death, "for the repose of the soul of Henry VIII," and finds its close in a vehement exposure of that monarch's offenses against Mother Church and her children. Yet here as often quiet recital of facts moves us more than emotional dedication and denunciation. The story of the friars is of the very essence of tragedy, not because a royal villain is the final agent of their overthrow but because theirs is an abysmal descent from that heavenly energy of love which men called St. Francis of Assisi. Here is the detailed and documented story of the shattered ideals of an order which won worldly fatness and with it leanness of soul.

Dramatic Publication in England, 1580-1640. By Evelyn May Albright. Oxford University Press.

An extended and thoroughly documented study of the subject. "Publication" is taken to include public performance upon the stage and the inquiry concerns itself with all the circumstances—including the government regulation of the stage and the censorship of stage and press—which affected play produc-

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tion from the outside. The author's questioning of the current assumption that the printing of plays before the Civil War was generally without the consent of author or owner except when the piece had exhausted its appeal upon the stage is of particular interest to scholars. The volume is the second of the new series made possible through a fund managed by the Modern Language Association of America.

A Monarch of the Sky. By Archibald Rutledge. The Purdy Press. $2.

A nice little book. To criticize it harshly would be as ungracious and as useless as taking a sledge-hammer to smash a butterfly. It bears about the same relation to literature that a well-raised shy little girl, tinkling a boarding-school piano, bears to Mary Garden. Since it is written by a Southerner—a South Carolinian—one may guess before opening it that it contains mildly sentimental stories of good old Negroes and their quaint ways, and of duck-shooting. It does—except that the duck is an eagle called The Monarch of the Sky. We are rather tired of Southern stories on this theme. Is it not about time for some Southerner to write a great book on the Negro question? Not a thin little essay filled with sentimental ecstasies, but a powerful book of research and psychology and history and opinion and foresight. Such a book would—or ought to—deal with lynchings, with miscegenation, with the Negro's personal and political status, openly and boldly; it ought to represent the spirit of the South, and it ought to come from the South like the blow of a fist. Then, with that before us, we might get somewhere in considering the Negro question. Instead we are given little pleasant cakes spiced with honey which we swallow at a gulp without realizing that we have eaten anything.

Is It God's Word? By Joseph Wheless. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

The author of this volume, an able New York lawyer and linguist, was perhaps the smartest Sunday-school scholar ever seen in Tennessee. His adolescent head literally bulged with texts from Holy Writ. Unfortunately for his orthodoxy, however, he read the Scriptures too much, becoming aware of multitudinous blemishes, discrepancies, and contradictions of which the average fundamentalist never dreams. So he determined to write a book which should refute the dogma of Biblical infallibility for all time. To this task he has brought erudition, wit, industry, and extraordinary skill in exposition. Not an inconsistency or an incredibility seems to have escaped him. Yet his book is free from indignation and bad manners, and is downright interesting. Rightly used, it should prove a powerful counter-offensive in the Holy War below the Potomac. For down there the troops of the late General Bryan go marching on, and unless they meet stouter resistance we may yet see biologists banished to Alaska and witches burned in Mississippi. Hitherto our scientists when belabored have been very polite—in fact, have remained almost timorously on the defensive. They may have to borrow a few leaves from Mr. Wheless.

Letters from Russian Prisons. With an Introduction by Roger N. Baldwin. A. and C. Boni. $1.50.

This book is a collection of authentic documents dealing with the methods of Soviet Russia in repressing counter-revolution and threats against the new system of society and government. It consists chiefly of the Soviet laws, official statements of policy and activities by Soviet authorities, and letters and affidavits of prisoners punished by the Soviet Government. These documents furnish convincing evidence that the Soviet authorities have not adopted the policy of turning the other cheek; but before any American enemy of the Russian experiment hastens to exploit this material he should read the letter of Upton Sinclair on pp. 14-15 calling attention to the conditions with respect to the conviction and treatment of political prisoners which prevail in the sun-kist State of California.

Crashing Thunder, the Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian Edited by Paul Radin. D. Appleton and Sons. $2.50.

Most of our accounts of primitive cultures are gargantuan log books, concerned with external fact and oblivious of the human being buried somewhere under the pyramid of detail This autobiography of Crashing Thunder, a Winnebago India from the country south of Lake Superior, is the most satisfactory introduction yet available to the complex, alien world o an Amerind. It was collected and annotated by the leadin ethnological authority on this tribe, and the picture is not re manticized. Crashing Thunder, by turns knave, skeptic, an wise man, speaks objectively and without afterthought. H emerges a very human and credible figure in the midst of thes exotic vision quests and medicine bundles and resurrection initiations, and through his eyes the strange culture takes o perspective and convincing coloring. Nothing perhaps is mor intimately revealing than the formal instruction of the youn by their elders; in set talks the boy and girl are told wha is expected of them, and given specifications for meeting th contingencies of life. Whether our interest is in primitive edu cation, or ethics, or the role of the sexes, these speeches ar more illuminating than much ponderous theorizing. Altogethe it would be difficult to find a better introduction to the worl of any of our American aborigines.

Drama

Solis Occidere

THE original "Grand Street Follies" was born, as all e entertainments should be, out of an irresistible exuberanc of spirits. At the end of the season a hard-working compan found itself still left with energy demanding an outlet, and th impudent jollification which resulted created a sensation amon the members of a public grown weary of elaborate but soulles revues. No one, however, supposed that the thing could b repeated. The very sense of obligation which the maintenanc of an institution involves must lie like a weight upon the spirits it is hard to be made responsible for a periodic outburst o irresponsibility, and last year in particular there were, indeed signs that the pumps were working in wells that had been wont to gush. But no such charge could be made against the fifth (and, alas, the last) edition; for whether it be because the company rose to its last opportunity or whether it be for some other reason, the new "Follies" manages to capture the spontaneity and abandon which marked the first. Whatever may be the fate of the organization and the players, both are at least unrepentant. Their satire is as irreverently salty and their spirit is as impudent as ever it was.

The thing which distinguishes these performances is the presence of the amateur spirit in the best sense of that term. Obviously they are larks for the performers as well as for the audience, and they have the spontaneous air of impromptu clowning. Certain features, notably the extraordinary mimicry of Albert Carroll, have always exhibited a great virtuosity as well, but it is the holiday air which has made them most delightful. From the moment the curtain of the present entertainment rises upon a delicious burlesque which represents Mae West of "Sex" fame and Helen Menken of "The Captive" serving terms in jail until it descends upon a parade of characters from the best-known Neighborhood productions, the spectacle is witty, irreverent, and sometimes unashamedly scabrous. Miss Menken, scrub pail in one hand and a bunch of violets in the other, declares herself not "blue" but "mauve"; Miss West voices the understandable complaint

> They got by with *Lulu Belle,*
> But they shut *me* in a cell;

and in another sketch Mrs. Fiske (delightfully hit off by Car-

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oll) explains to the admiring Mr. Wolcott her remarkable omic interpretation of Mrs. Alving on the ground that she had lways considered "Ghosts" a Fiord joke. It must be admitted hat not all of the skits come off, and it is hardly necessary to ay again that the aim of the production is spontaneity rather han finish, but it is certain that one cannot find anywhere in Jew York more clever ideas, more fresh satire, or more verve han are to be found in this entertainment.

As everyone interested in the theater knows before now, the resent production is the last which the Neighborhood Play-ouse will make. Accordingly, a group, even more representa-ive than usual, of those for whom the theater is a business or a assion turned out to applaud the players on this their last first ight, and many came not without a touch of sentimental melan-holy provoked by the thought that they would come no more to a theater in which they had seen several of the most beautiful productions of the last decade. But save at the end, when Albert Carroll read a witty last testament ordering, among other things, that a certain critic who has been conspicuously unbeguiled by the charms of the Neighborhood be "sold to the lowest bidder" and that the very modest lobby be presented to the Paramount Theater, there was no reference to the "finis" which this production is writing to a notable career. "Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends," cried Catullus, wishing for "sweet pastimes to grace his happy tomb," and Catullus was wise. As for me, I am not without hope that the spirit of the Playhouse is setting, like the sun the poet sang of, only to rise again; but if we of the first-night audience were in at a real death then these are very jolly obsequies indeed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Opium Trade at Geneva

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

THE ninth meeting of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations was held in Geneva from January 17 to February 1. On this occasion the committee threw overboard all pretensions to the contrary and came out boldly as the upholders of the opium trade; also the drug trade. For this time the fight centered on drugs rather than opium. Drugs, it would seem, pay even better than opium, and it is evident that the drug interests are able to exert powerful pressure on their various governments, and upon the delegates sent by these governments to this Opium Committee of the League. But, bad as it was, a mighty fighter has been raised up in opposition to these sinister interests. Italy has come into the arena, and Italy—and Mussolini—are in earnest. Their spokesman was Signor Cavazzoni, and never once was the Italian delegate daunted in his fight against the Opium Bloc. Never once did he fail to address himself directly and earnestly straight to the British delegate, recognizing in him the leader of the opposite camp. Cavazzoni was never fooled for a second. Over and over again he called their bluff and exposed their tricks, and at the end of the prolonged session he left his opponents in an untenable position. For the first time since the death of Sir John Jordan, the Opium Bloc finds itself faced with a courageous opponent.

The first shot was fired by the Opium Bloc. Fired, it would seem, during the Assembly last September, when a resolution was passed by the Assembly recommending to all League committees the advisability of cutting down their proceedings to the smallest possible space—for economy. In fact, the resolution suggested that they issue no printed minutes at all, but just boil down their business into a report which could be published at the minimum expense. So the first thing the Opium Committee did was to consider this resolution and act upon it. With one accord they all said that publicity was the greatest weapon with which to fight opium, no doubt of it. And that the previous reports and documents, heretofore issued, had been invaluable. No doubt of it. But—here was this awkward resolution passed by the Assembly and they must comply with it against their wishes. They were just torn in two—yearning for publicity on the one hand, yet faced with this necessity for economy. They were forced to compromise. They would publish their reports and proceedings, but in the name of economy they would omit all that was "unessential" and "not indispensable," the committee being sole judge of what might be dispensed with. Before this the minutes of the Opium Committee have been somewhat doctored, but now such treatment is sanctioned by an Assembly mandate. For the sake of economy, it will now be possible to leave out so much! No verbatim records were taken during the whole session—only an abstract of each delegate's remarks, abstracts submitted next day to stern revision.

A few days later Cavazzoni threw his bomb, which was expected but unwelcome. Italy, he said, was a country that neither grows opium nor makes drugs, yet it was being flooded with drugs in common with the rest of the world. But Italy did not like it and wanted to protect itself. He reminded the committee, therefore, that the countries the represented were all tied to the Hague Convention, and tha Article 9 of that convention called upon the contractin Powers to limit drug manufacture to the medicinal need of the world. He said not one of them had done that; tha they were all manufacturing vastly in excess of those needs and that an international obligation like the Hague Con vention should be binding upon its signatories. The com mittee's records and documents showed contraband seize in all parts of the world, which seizures represent but a tenth or a twentieth of the contraband in transit. All abso lute proof of excessive over-manufacture and a violation o Article 9 of the Hague agreement. He also said that inter national agreements should be carried out and not made int scraps of paper. His remedy was to live up to Article 9 that is, to curb manufacture by rationing the factories ir their supplies of raw material, and so limiting the output o morphine, heroin, and cocaine. His concluding remark were significant. In Italy, he said, there was great skep ticism as to the sincerity of this Opium Committee, whic skepticism he did not share. Therefore he would like to re turn to his countrymen and say that their fears were un founded. (This last sentence is deleted from Cavazzoni' speech, as apparently "not indispensable.")

Profound silence, lasting several minutes. Then S John Campbell, the chairman, pulled himself together. Th remarks from the Honorable delegate from Italy were irrele vant to the subject under discussion. The Dutch delegat said he did not wish to discuss them at all! The British delegate said they might be discussed in an appropriat place on the agenda, though even then any delegate migh refrain from taking part in the discussion. But there di not seem any real place on the agenda for them at all—the committee should have been warned—anything so extraordinary should have been provided for by proper notice. However, when they got on with the agenda a bit, there might possibly be an opportunity.

A few days passed, during which superficial matters were discussed. But always a shadow lurked in the background. Had Cavazzoni been properly snubbed, or was he going to bring a spirit of discord into what had heretofore been such a united committee imbued with but one idea, the protection of the opium trade?

Mr. Cavazzoni remained silent a few more days, and then broke forth again. He did not wait for an appropriate place on the agenda (which he doubtless suspected would never occur), and one morning he burst in with a resolution:

> The Advisory Committee, taking note of the fact that the manufacture of drugs is unquestionably carried on on a scale vastly in excess of the world's medical requirements, and that in consequence the contraband traffic continues to increase, as is proved by the quantity of drugs seized:
>
> Considers it advisable that full application should be given to the principles contained in the Hague Convention, Article 9, and confirmed in the Second Geneva Convention, Article 5, by which the contracting parties undertake to reduce the production of manufactured drugs to the quantities needed for medical and scientific purposes. . . . It is of opinion that it would be advisable to make a study of the measures which should be taken in order that the manufacture of drugs be reduced to agreed quantities. . . . In order to attain these objects . . . the Advisory Committee

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proposes to the Council that it should hold an extraordinary session at a date to be fixed by the Council.

It was a bad moment for the drug interests and the entlemen representing them. Here was a member of the ommittee itself actually proposing to ruin the trade. Here as a delegate who looked on drugs as meaning ruin to illions of people, instead of millions of dollars to a few. le had put the question squarely up to the committee and sked them what they proposed to do? Were they in earnest r were they not? Were they going to live up to interational agreements or break them? Cavazzoni waited.

A painful silence followed. Sir John Campbell (British ndia) said they could not possibly consider this suggestion ntil it was put before them in writing, both in French and nglish. This would take half an hour, during which time ny delegate might speak if he wished, but if so, he must emember that he was speaking as an individual, not a govrnment representative. There was a further pause—even s individuals, no one liked to risk it. Finally the Japanese roke the stillness; he said this was a drastic measure and ould be a serious thing for Japan where the drug industry as only nine years old; it would mean stopping its expanion and development. Furthermore, he continued, as the talian delegate had evidently been moved by humanitarian notives and was considering the welfare of people as a hole, why had he said nothing about opium smoking in opean colonies or the eating of opium in India? Did ot the Orient need protection as well as the West? The erbian delegate was flatfooted in opposition. To ration he factories, he said, would shut off the market for Serian opium. Sir John Campbell (speaking as an individual or British India) said he could not subscribe to anything hich reduced the drug output. The one country that supported Cavazzoni was Portugal.

It was a relief when the half hour was up and the ypewritten document placed before them. They could now ct, not as individuals, but as delegates representing huge nterests. And act they did, casting their votes to the accompaniment of pious utterances. The British delegate aid he was heartily in favor of the thing in principle but t did not seem practical at the moment. He felt constrained o vote No. The complete vote was as follows:

Great Britain	No
British India	No
Holland	No
France	No
Switzerland	No
Serbia	No
Japan	No
Italy	Yes
Siam	Yes
Germany	Abstained
China	Absent (ill with influenza)
Portugal	Absent (from the room)

Simple as this seems, it was a momentous decision. It shows the drug interests at the height of their influence, defiant and determined. Cavazzoni forced their hand and made them reveal their true attitude. He gave them an opportunity to take a decisive step toward stopping the drug traffic and to keep an international agreement, and they refused. The committee protested their noble intentions but they voted No.

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tions asked by Mr. Dunham, representing Colonel Woods, the American assessor. With ingenuousness he asked:

> 1. What action has been taken by your government to carry out those provisions of the Hague Convention which relate to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs, Articles 9 and 10?
> 2. What is your opinion of the obligations imposed by the provisions of the Geneva Convention referring to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs, Articles 4 and 5?
> 3. Does your national legislation already give full effect to the provisions of the Geneva Convention which refer to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs to an amount not in excess of medical and scientific needs? If not, what specific laws and regulations have you recommended to your government for the purpose of carrying out the Geneva Convention?

Except by one country, no answer was given to these questions. The one country that replied was Japan. Baron Sato made a statement showing the new legislation recently adopted to inaugurate a new policy, i.e., to limit importation of raw material so that drug manufacture shall not exceed the medical needs of Japan. He said that for nine years Japan had been a huge manufacturing country, but was now turning over a new leaf, and would prove its sincerity of purpose. He added that the reason he had voted against Cavazzoni's proposal was because his country, following the lead of America, was reducing manufacture on its own initiative. This is of great significance. Japan is breaking away from the Opium Bloc, and aligning herself with America and Italy in this world fight against drugs.

The session concluded with an effort made by the British to whitewash the ugly situation, to pretend that after all the committee was in earnest. After a long dissertation upon the iniquity of smuggling and the leakages into illicit traffic, Sir Malcolm Delavigne said that

> It should be possible, by making detailed examinations into the transactions of the manufacturers and wholesalers and of the persons or firms to whom they sell, to trace leakages. . . . Governments have the power to require particulars to be supplied to them . . . to examine the books of the firms, and so on. In this way they could follow up the drugs through each stage, from the entrance of the raw material into the factory, checking production and sales, and in time would come to a point at which leakages occur.

Cavazzoni shot to pieces this grand proposal which is only dodging the issue and another excuse to gain time. He said that this sort of investigation would take years and that the statistics, if furnished (which was doubtful), would be incomplete and inaccurate. If such supervision was in connection with a vastly reduced output, well and good. But with output maintained at a high level and scattered to the four corners of the earth it was useless.

In outlining his plan, the British delegate made a significant admission: Once drugs are shipped out of a country, the onus is shifted to the receiving country. All leakages take place abroad. This is where the British rest their case. They are careful that no leaks occur in their own country, and that exports go out on genuine certificates. What happens afterwards is no concern of theirs.

Needless to say, the British plan was adopted, and there was considerable comment on it in the British press, from which it was made to appear as a great stride forward. Not one comment was made on Italy's stirring appeal to the nations to live up to their international obligation.

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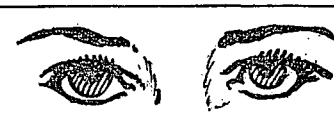

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WESTPORT, CONN.—4-room country cottage. Water in house, fireplace, one car garage; 2, 3 or 4 adults, unusual charm, friendly neighbors, writers, painters, etc. 15 minutes to station or beach. $400 to November. Box 728, care *The Nation.*

SHORE cottage, boat slip, garage. Also two new furnished cottages adjacent, separately or together. All have living room, fireplaces, 2 baths, 1 on first floor, 5 bedrooms. Hotel convenient for meals. Box 38. **Southwest Harbor, Maine.**

FIVE-ROOM bungalow on State Road, one mile from station. Porch overlooks Moodna Creek. Apply Mountainville, N. Y., Box 95, or call Orchard 5968, ten to twelve a. m.

FOR RENT—Charming bungalow or part with or without board, all conveniences. Garage, woods, beautiful view. Mary Mardfin, Croton-on-Hudson, or Tel. Croton 414-W.

FOR RENT.—Charming summer cottage overlooking Hudson at Nyack. All conveniences. 2 large screened porches. Large living room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, garden. Call Alice Beal Parsons, Walker 1689.

SOUTH shore Long Island, July and August, college professor's commodious bungalow, all improvements, quiet, wooded, bay front. References asked. Address Box 66, Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y.

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COOL, quiet apartment for June and July. Large room and bath; maid service; piano. Brooklyn Heights, close to all subways. $55. Blumenstiel, Main 7158.

FOR SUMMER—Six outside rooms, furnished, corner apartment, facing Park. Near Columbia. 98 Morningside Avenue. Plaza 4700. Mrs. Cotton.

TO SUBLET for summer: 2-room apartment and bath. Bright and airy. Pleasantly furnished. 66 West 9th Street, N. Y. C. $60. Box 758, or telephone Stuyvesant 1531.

IN a colonial house, Greenwich Village, 2 rooms, kitchenette and bath, furnished or unfurnished, summer or 18 months, $60. Entire floor, $100. Write Box No. 762, or phone Whitehall 7730.

FOR RENT, in Greenwich, Conn., June 1 to Oct. 1, furnished apartment occupying a whole floor. Four unusually large rooms, sleeping accommodations for four, good air, beautiful country, convenient to station. Every modern convenience, including electric range. Use of library. Rent reasonable. Thompson, 70 Brookside Drive. Phone Greenwich 899.

TO SUBLET—Furnished apartment for summer months at low rental, 6 rooms and bath, near Mt. Morris Park. Easy access to Columbia, to subways and busses. Miss E. Maynard, 2013 Fifth Ave. Phone Harlem 6986.

FOR RENT—Furnished, from June 15 to September 15, well-equipped 3-room apartment; through draft; very convenient; 5th Avenue bus passes door. Call Havemeyer 7213-J, or Box 756, care *The Nation.*

SHARE APARTMENT

YOUNG man will share pleasant 4-room Astoria garden apartment, mid-June to September. Tennis courts across street. $7 for one, $10 for two. Box 764, care *The Nation.*

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HIGH-SPEED stenographer (male) formerly o *The Nation;* with literary, financial, lega commercial experience in confidential, supervisor and secretarial positions, desires connection. Wi consider part time or temporary work. Box 763 care *The Nation.*

TUTOR-COMPANION, young graduate studen (26) with 3 years' teaching and tutoring ex perience, would like summer position. Will go any where. History, German and English specialties Excellent references. Harvard A.M. Box 746, car *The Nation.*

YOUNG LADY, college education, experience stenographer, desires position for summe months. Box 755, care *The Nation.*

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HELP WANTED

YOUNG man, counselor, for nature study, wood craft, tennis, by bungalow colony of adult camp. Small group, age 9 to 13. Write Mrs. E. L. Boehm, 419 West 129th St., N. Y. C.

WANTED—Head Counselor for girls' summer camp. Training and experience essential. Apply in writing. Central Jewish Institute, 125 E. 85th St., N. Y. C.

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